NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----FOR THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

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DARLING & KEITH,

34 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

Editorial.

WAYSIDE NOTES---No. 2.

From Pine Hedge Farm to Mount Wachusett.

The mid-day heat being a little past, an afternoon drive takes us on through Upton and Grafton to Worcester, where we spend the night. At West Upton we pass the farm of Hon. Velorous Taft, member of the State Board of Agriculture, and the large Straw Goods Factory of Hon. William Knowlton, who preceded him in the same official position, both gentlemen being much interested in the advancement of the agricultural interests of the State. We were sorry that the lateness of the hour made it impracticable to call upon any of the Upton farmers.

A City Farm and a Good Farmer.

Another drive of nine miles, in the cool of the evening, and over an excellent road brings us to Worcester, and the suburban farm and home of Mr. Joseph Perry. Although Mr. Perry has, for the past few years, been serving the people of Worcester in the capacity of Street Commissioner, and is also engaged extensively at the present time in converting farm lands into village residences, yet no one has a better title to the name of farmer. Commencing in early life, upon a large farm, just over the line in the town of Auburn, he built a most complete set of farm buildings, and after thoroughly draining and fencing the entire farm, began the business of making milk and raising vegetables for the Worcester market. For several years his net income, after getting a good living and paying all expenses, exceeded a thousand dollars per year. But it was not done without hard work. In the harvest season long days were made, hauling loads of potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables and fruits, to the city, in addition to the regular daily delivery of milk. For weeks together his daily sales often exceeded fifty dollars per day. In the more leisure seasons manure was hauled from the city with which to grow the large crops.

One Sunday afternoon while the family were all at church, the entire structure was burned to ashes, but new buildings of equal value, were soon built on the old foundations. Since then two other sets of farm buildings have been erected by Mr. Perry, the last being on the farm now occupied, it being a part of the old Perry homestead, which has been in the family name for a long period.

But a large farm, within a mile of the busy portions of a large city like Worcester, cannot withstand the encroachments of city influences more than it can escape taxation at city rates. When we first knew the farm, some eight years ago, it was largely devoted to the raising of vegetables, in addition to keeping a large stock of dairy cows. Cabbages were counted by the acre, and turnips and potatoes by the thousands of bushels, and as the farm was so near the market, even larger daily deliveries could be made than from the old farm in Auburn. But now, where cabbages and potatoes were formerly raised, carpenters are raising houses. About fifty have already been built, many of the plans being drawn by Mrs. Perry, who takes an equal interest with her husband in planning and providing convenient houses for the mechanics and clerks of Worcester, into whose hands they may eventually fall, either as tenements or as pleasant homes.

One house, nearly completed, a sample of four others being erected, was visited, and the plan examined. Three stories each with four large rooms, including two bedrooms, a kitchen and parlor, give room for three families, who pay from nine to eleven dollars per month For securing comfort and elegance at moderate cost, these houses are worthy a visit by any one contemplating building. Further out, for Mr. Perry has several hundred acres of available homestead lands, a cheaper class of houses are built, and one or more acres of land laid out for each single tenement house. These are being taken largely by Swedes, who work in the shops when business is good, but who want a little land, and know very well how to use it, towards getting a living. Some of the mechanics buy the land at about three hundred dollars per acre and build their own houses. Mr. Perry has bought a number of run down farms in the vicinity, some of them by auction, for even in Worcester farms run down, and bushes and weeds run up, where the land is neglected, and is bringing them back to a state of productiveness by the same methods he has pursued on his own homestead. One farm we visited, was, last year, looking much more like an alder swamp than a cornfield, but by draining with tiles and stones, pulling out the bushes, and ploughing with strong teams, and manuring heavily, it is, in a single year, made capable of paying its taxes, which it had not done for years before. As heavy a field of corn as we saw during the trip, was growing on land that, a year ago, grew nothing more valuable than brakes and bushes. The largest income from Mr. Perry's farming, at the present time, probably, is derived from the herd of twenty-four cows, which yield some two hundred and forty quarts per day, which is delivered to city customers at wholesale and retail. Mr. Perry is a firm believer in the old theory that the feed makes the cow, or that what is drawn at the pail must first go in at the mouth. He buys all his cows, and usually changes often, buying something like fifty a year, feeding them as long as they will yield satisfactory returns, and then selling for beef. His cows are of all breeds, and from long experience as a milk farmer, he has come to the conclusion, that, as a rule, there is almost no choice whatever between breeds for milk production and beef making combined, provided plenty of feed is given. A cow, he says, that eats heartily must either give milk or make flesh, and she will produce according to the amount of food she is capable of taking. His most unprofitable cows have been those which were in good condition when purchased, and bought for twenty-quart cows. They always give less very soon after turning them into the herd, while thinish animals, costing much less, and that are giving ten to twelve quarts, usually gain in both milk and flesh, and in a short time outstrip the high priced and much praised animals.

Worcester is one of the most desirable cities to live in, or near, that we know of. The land in the vicinity is most excellent for grass, field crops, and especially for fruit, while the scenery is unsurpassed, as viewed from the many hills which surround the heart of the city. The people are democratic in the true sense, and are not above working for their living. A great deal of farming is done inside the city limits, and the enterprising and intelligent farmer is recognized in business and social circles. We hope to visit other Worcester farms in the not distant future, but must now pursue our journey toward Wachusett.

TROUBLE WITH THE CREAM.

An old subscriber who has recently purchased a new, square, box churn, and also a deep setting apparatus for his milk, writes that he is having a great deal of difficulty in churning the cream. He sometimes gets the butter in an hour, and then has to churn another hour to gather it, while often it requires two or three hours, and occasionally five hours to do the week's churning of some thirty pounds of butter. He further writes that, "the cream fills the churn only two-thirds full at the beginning, but it swells so as to fill it full and he has to draw off a large portion of it. The temperature is from 62 degrees to 65 degrees when the churning is started. The churn is revolved very slowly; once it took six hours to churn thirty pounds of butter, two at night, and four the next morning."

Trouble with cream and churns is an old complaint, and very few dairymen escape it. The causes are numerous and often difficult to determine. Sweet cream, just removed from the milk, does not churn as readily as older cream that has been "ripened," if any one knows exactly what that term signifies. Cream, that is too warm, sometimes gives trouble, but if it is much too cold it is very sure to. Very thin cream is longer in coming than cream that is moderately firm, but a very frequent cause of delay in bringing butter, is from filling the churn too nearly full of cream. Something depends, too, upon the character of the churn. A churn that agitates the cream with great violence, as when the floats are small, and are revolved at a high rate of speed, is likely to tear the cream to pieces, and beat it into a froth, like eggs under a beater. The churn, however, is usually less at fault than the cream or the operator. If cream is churned very slowly there may be so little friction that it will never come. By slow churning the temperature may change so much during the operation, as to prevent success. If a plain box or barrel churn is filled very full, and the cream swells, the revolutions may go on without agitating the cream at all, and if the churn has a crank and floats, the cream may be revolved in a solid body without friction, except upon very small portions of the cream.

As a rule, a churn should not be much more than half full of cream at any time, though much depends upon the character of the cream. If it has been raised from scalded milk it will churn under almost any condition. It is in cool weather in spring and fall that trouble is most frequent, but very hot weather, unless ice is used, is almost as bad. Those who change from the use of the old fashioned, open pans to some one of the new, deep setting systems, are pretty sure to have more or less trouble in churning, chiefly because in deep setting the bulk of the cream is increased, and the churn is, consequently, much fuller when used. This alone is often a sufficient explanation of the cause of the difficulty when cream refuses to be changed into butter. To attempt to give the reason why any particular lot of cream did not come properly without having seen it, would be folly on our part.

The subject is one for study in each case. We can only discuss principles, or suggest possible defects. Sixty-two to sixty-four degrees is usually the proper temperature for cream when the churn is started. It should be a little cooler in summer, unless there is a free use of ice or cold water to prevent the temperature from rising. We prefer a box churn without floats, and would surely have it not much more than half full. The cream should be thin enough all the time, so that it will fall readily as the churn revolves, and the churning should be rapid enough to cause a smart concussion at each revolution. The temperature may be lessened by adding cold water when the cream begins to break, or if it is too cold for the particles of butter to adhere to each other, warm water may be added.

The manufacturers of deep setting apparatus usually advise keeping the cream in a warmer place, to sour or ripen, or else to hold it till it has acquired some age. Fresh sweet cream, from a cold deep setter, is usually slow to churn. A deep setter often requires the purchase of a new and larger churn, or more frequent churning. There may be other reasons why cream behaves badly, independent of the churn or the dairy room. One or more of the cows may yield cream that is so oily as to almost spoil the cream from a half dozen other cows. From some cows good hard butter can never be made. Once we had to set the milk of each cow in a large herd separately, before we could determine which one had caused the poor butter for several weeks. It proved to be a cow that was supposed to be farrow, but was found to be forward with calf, and ought to have been dried off. Such cases are rare, but they sometimes cause trouble in the churning room.

Probably if our correspondent will let his cream have time to sour, and will fill his churn only about half full of cream, at a temperature of about 63°, and will churn quite briskly, he will get his butter in a good deal less time than six hours.

FARMING FOR THE CANNING FACTORIES.

A Field Day Meeting of the Franklin Farmers' Club.

The best attended field meeting of the Franklin Farmers' Club for the present season was the one devoted to an inspection of crops grown by the farmers in the vicinity of the canning factories. The canning business, which has grown up during the past few years in Medway and North Franklin, has done for the farmers of the vicinity what a large city or manufacturing village does for the farmers in its vicinity—made a good market for all they can produce. Not many years ago the farming in this region was what might be called general farming, English hay being one of the leading cash crops raised, though oats, rye and potatoes received some attention, as did also the making of butter. The farmer's sales were light, and the gross income was derived from many small sources, and the feeling was quite general among all classes, especially the young, that farming was pretty hard work, and returned very small pay for the amount of labor performed. But since the canning factories have been established there is a better feeling existing. The first canning was done about seventeen years ago by Mr. William B. Hodges, a tin-smith of Medway, who commenced by putting up tomatoes, which he induced the farmers to grow for him on contract, Mr. Hodges in some cases furnishing the plants to those who had no experience in hot bed culture. Since that small beginning others have gone into the business till now there are as many as ten establishments engaged in the business, including a few farmers who put up their own goods. Over a million of cans were put up last year, which gave employment, directly and indirectly, to a large number of hands, the manufacture of the cans and boxes for packing the goods being no small item in the account. To the single product of the tomato vine, which was at first the only thing handled, other fruits and vegetables have been added, till now the list includes sweet corn, squashes, pumpkins, apples, cranberries, peas, shell beans and string beans. A great deal of difficulty was encountered in the early attempts at preserving corn and beans, many tons of corn sometimes souring after being put up, so as to become, with the cans containing it, a total loss, or only fit for hog feed. One year the loss was so heavy that some of the pioneers in the business were compelled to go into bankruptcy, or settle with the farmers who had grown the corn, at very unsatisfactory rates. But with perseverance and determination the difficulties have been overcome, and the business placed upon a pretty substantial basis. Of corn alone there were nearly three quarters of a million cans put up last year, with little or no loss from imperfect work.

The farms visited were those of S. C. Bourne, Geo. W. Bacon, John W. Richardson and Monroe Morse. Mr. Bourne has become a farmer somewhat recently, having spent many years in various other kinds of business, but is working into his new sphere gradually and with a promising outlook. He has a hundred-acre farm, largely in wood and pasture, but has this year some twenty acres in farm crops. Being unavoidably late, we were unable to examine his crops, but heard favorable reports from others as to their condition. Tomatoes and sweet corn are among the principal crops grown for the factories. Mr. Bacon is also a converted farmer, having spent many years in Philadelphia in the straw goods business, a branch of industry which most Franklin people are more or less familiar with. Mr. Bacon has recently turned his store over to his son, while he takes the old farm to work, which, we believe, has been in the family name for a long time. This, too, is a hundred-acre farm, and is devoted in part to dairying. We found seven acres in oats, which had been cut and nicely cured for fodder; one-half acre in tomatoes, and five acres of very heavy sweet corn. Mr. Bacon cans his own corn, and makes his cans in the winter, thus getting about all there is in the business. He informed us that after paying all expenses the profits were sufficient to enable him to purchase what grain was required for his animals somewhat cheaper than he could raise it. He has worked somewhat under disadvantage from scarcity of help during the canning season, and to overcome this difficulty will this year have his crop canned in the village, where help is more easily obtained. A great deal of water is also required, and this is not always abundant on every farm, especially in dry seasons like the present.

The farm of John W. Richardson has long been known as one of the best managed farms in Norfolk County, Mr. Richardson's father, the Hon. Stephen W. Richardson, having been one of the active members of the old Norfolk Agricultural Society, when that organization stood second to none in the State. The elder Richardson, beside doing a large amount of public business for his town and State for several years, was largely engaged in the manufacture of packing cases for straw goods and shoes, and is one of the few farmers in the vicinity who has been fortunate in having a son willing to stick to the old homestead, and keep up the reputation of the place as a model New England farm. The son has now entire control of the estate, and has converted the old box shop into a canning factory, and several times doubled its size as the business has increased, while canning his own products and those of his neighbors. The crops grown this year are about two acres of potatoes; one acre of field corn, which was as heavy as any we have ever seen; five acres in tomatoes, and thirteen in sweet corn. There were also some twelve acres of heavy grass and a large pasture for milch cows. Few men have learned to manure farm crops as heavily as we found them manured here. The tomatoes were set fifty-four inches by sixty inches apart, and so completely covered the ground as to leave too little room for the pickers to walk among the vines. Mr. Richardson will set them at least five feet each way in future, or five by five and a half feet, which he thinks will be better. He ploughed in a heavy coat of stable manure and then fertilized liberally in the hill after setting the plants, and believes the fertilizer has given him two hundred bushels of fruit, picked before the 15th of August, and sold for from one dollar to four dollars per bushel, averaging about two dollars. His neighbors who use less fertilizer or none, had scarcely begun to pick at that date, and will have to put nearly their whole crop in at factory prices which are usually about forty cents per bushel. That Mr. Richardson has not sunk the farmer in the manufacturer is shown by his farming operations outside the home farm. He has this year thirteen acres of sweet corn grown on leased land, and manured with fertilizer and stable manure, purchased from Boston and brought out on the cars; and as an evidence that he makes his farming pay, he cited a field of less than an acre which produced $360 worth of marrow squashes last year, figured at the same price per ton that he paid others for theirs. He also last year took in a partner in the canning business, Mr. Hopkins, who has about eleven acres in corn and squashes. There are about sixty acres of sweet corn now growing within a mile and a half of the factory planted expressly for this firm, nearly a third of it by the two members of the firm. They had just finished canning 700 bushels of string beans of the favorite Golden Wax variety.

With so much to see and talk about, the afternoon was well advanced when the party reached the farm of Mr. Morse. Here they were treated to Snyder blackberries from the acre in this fruit from which about a thousand boxes have been picked in this unusually dry season, and on young bushes just come into bearing. Mr. Morse has recently purchased his farm, and is putting a large amount of energy and brain work into its cultivation. He has about twenty acres under the plough, a considerable portion of it being double cropped. Potatoes were planted in hills, 3½ by four feet, and when they needed little further cultivation and a full crop had been practically assured, sweet corn was put in between the hills one way, leaving a chance to continue the use of the cultivator in one direction. The potatoes at the time of the visit were ready to dig and the corn promised to be very heavy. The corn was planted on the 17th of June, and it is needless to add that fertilizer was applied liberally. Another sample of double cropping was in a field of potatoes and squashes, three rows of potatoes to one row of squashes, the latter planted late enough to escape injury from the bugs. The other crops consisted of three acres of tomatoes and a large field of cabbages. A large silo is being built in which to preserve the fodder from the sweet corn after the ears are picked. Very few weeds were seen on any of the farms.

GARDEN NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

The excessively dry weather of August has made it very difficult to bring up lettuce and spinach seed; indeed without artificial watering it would not come at all, and the prospect is for a short market for these vegetables this fall. Spinach seed for keeping over winter may be sown any time in the first half of September; the first sowings, if they come up quickly, as they mostly do after a shower of rain, will be ready for market in winter or early spring, whenever the ground thaws an inch deep so that it can be cut up; the later sowings will be so small when cold weather stops their growth, that they will need some time in spring to grow to a marketable size, and will hardly be ready before the last of April or first of May; but since spring sown spinach seldom comes to market before May 20 or 25, the late sowing in autumn usually meets a good sale.

The marketing of tomatoes, pickles, pole beans, corn, peppers, onions, beets, squashes and lettuce are now in order, and a little celery is called for, as cool weather comes on. The picking of cantaloupe melons in good order for market, demands some care; to be in best condition they should cleave easily from the stem, but not be much changed from the green color to yellow; if left upon the vines till they turn yellow, they are too soft to bear carrying far to market, but are just right to put at once upon the table; in fact, the cantaloupe, to be eaten in perfection, should ripen upon the vine or very nearly so; it then has a very delicious flavor and is quite harmless. But the common practice of picking them when quite hard and green to be kept on hand in stores, or in transit to a northern market for several days before they are eaten, makes a comparatively insipid, tasteless fruit, and one which good medical authority pronounces rather dangerous to delicate stomachs. The gardeners usually pick their melons every day, sometimes twice a day, to be sure of getting them in good order.

Celery will need watering if the drought continues, and when wanted for early marketing or for the table, must be banked up some ten or fifteen days before wanted. The banking is done at two distinct times, with an interval between of about a week, the first banking throws the earth up about half the height of the leaves, the second or third quite to the tops, for when it is very large a third banking will be needed. When the weather is warm, as is likely in September and early October, celery will not keep long after it is blanched, but should be taken out at once and sold or eaten before it decays; in the cooler weather of late October and November, however, there is not much danger from this source. It is for this reason that only such portion as is wanted for early use is banked in warm weather, but after the first of October it is usual to bank the whole crop without much delay, leaving the smallest till the last, for when small it only needs one banking, and will blanch sufficiently in the pit when kept late in winter.

We usually get our first damaging frost in September. When it threatens to be frosty, the squashes, tomatoes, egg plants and peppers should all be picked clean and put under cover; the melons, squashes and tomatoes, if green, will ripen up a good deal under glass, either in a hot bed frame, or vacant green house; and those melons and tomatoes that do not ripen, usually sell for pickling. If the squash vines are very thick and cover the squashes well, they will not usually suffer before the second frosty night after the vines have been wilted down by the first frost. If it is intended to keep the squashes for autumn sale, they should be carted as soon as possible to the squash house; they may be taken care of most readily for a few days by piling them in the field, and covering them with vines at night, and pulling off the covering by day to allow them to dry off well; they should be well aired in the squash house to allow them to dry.

Lettuce seed sown in September will come to market between Thanksgiving and Christmas, and, of course, will need shelter of glass after October 1st, and some artificial heat after November 1. Radishes sown now will come to market in about six or eight weeks, and will need shelter of glass after frosty nights begin.

All hot bed and green house glass should be put in repair now so as to be in readiness for service; it is much easier done in fine dry weather than after cold and wet weather sets in. W. D. PHILBRICK.

WHEAT AND CORN TESTS.

Prof. J. W. Sanborn has been making sundry tests of varieties of wheat and corn at the farm of the Missouri Agricultural College, which are reported in a bulletin. The wheat was sown on land that was in corn till that crop was harvested to make room for the wheat. Two bushels of seed was sown per acre on October 12th. The yields ranged from ten bushels to sixteen bushels per acre, except Spark's swamp and Martin's amber, which produced respectively twenty-one and twenty-five bushels. The Martin's amber is regarded by the Professor as promising. Spark's swamp was received from the commissioner of agriculture at Washington and gave the best appearance standing. Among the eighteen varieties of corn planted, the Evans, Long John, Thompson, Pennsylvania flint and Baden gave best promise. The Pennsylvania flint is an Eastern variety resembling the King Philip, and is very likely the same under a different name. The usual distance between hills at the West is about forty-five inches each way, and with only two stalks in a hill. Mr. Sanborn and others are experimenting with our Eastern flint varieties, and will doubtless soon learn that more stalks must be allowed to stand per acre in order to compete in yield with the large Western sorts. It is possible that each section will be the gainer by a better acquaintance with the varieties formerly peculiar to the two extremes of territory, but it would seem presumable that experience would have already settled the question whether the dents or flints are best where they have so long been grown.

CHOICE JERSEY STOCK.—Dairymen interested in Jersey stock that has been bred for business will do well to send to Richard Goodman, Lenox, Mass., for circulars descriptive of several herds owned in that town. Mr. Goodman is one of the strongest advocates of the comparatively new departure in breeding specially for use, as against the old practice of reckoning value by the length of a pedigree, or the worth of some long dead ancestor.

—The *Gardener's Monthly* says that a little windmill, such as some boys can make with a jackknife, will keep birds out of a cherry tree in case a tiny bell is attached to it. It is better than a stuffed cat or an imitation hawk.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

IMPACTION OF THE THIRD STOMACH—STAGGERS.

I would like to ask through the FARMER about a cow that I recently had die. I noticed she was sick Saturday night, Aug. 11; I thought that she failed in her flesh, but she eat well. She calved about a fortnight ago and did well. Last Sunday she seemed a little stiff in the joints, but she eat well, and I gave her an extra amount of corn fodder night and morning, and she seemed about the same until about five o'clock Monday night, when I noticed her turning around in a circle, holding her head on one side, and the froth coming out of her mouth. She turned about ten minutes after I saw her. I went for a rope to secure her, when she started to run and ran with terrible force into a rail fence around the garden and broke it; then ran against the stone wall and broke off her horn; when I had secured her, she shook and thrashed terribly, the froth still coming out of her mouth, and she got her mouth on a rail and bit it for about fifteen minutes, the froth and blood coming from her mouth all the time. I don't think she could see, as she did not appear to after she ran against the wall. All who saw her called it blind staggers or hydrophobia. I bled her in the tail Sunday, and in the course of an hour after I had secured her, she seemed to lie more quietly, only she kept her head moving all the time. She died about one o'clock in the night, and there was quite a quantity of white froth came from her mouth, and she strangled very badly when she died. I opened her, but could find nothing unusual about her. Some said that the grass was packed very tight in the stomach. It was hard and dry, but the meat looked healthy and bright, and there was no bruise on her only where she hit the wall, and there the blood had settled inside her shoulder. Do you think there could be any danger of the other cattle taking the disease by going in the same pasture? I have not put them in yet. Could you tell me anything about it? If so, please do so through the columns of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, and also publish this for others to read. I have been a constant reader of the FARMER for twelve years. WILLIAM FLAVELL.

Graniteville, Mass.

REMARKS.—There can be hardly a doubt that the cow died from a disease called by the veterinarians, "Grass Staggers," "Stomach Staggers," "Dry Murrain," or, "Impaction of the manifolds or third stomach." The causes are various. Sometimes it is lead poisoning, but more frequently over eating, especially of withered fodder or over-ripe and fresh grass mixed. Sudden changes from poor to good, or from good to poor food may cause it, as also may smutty corn or grain straw, with an insufficiency of water. The disease may occur at any time after the digestion has been impaired and the system is feverish, and rumination suspended. "Fardel-bound" is an old name for the disease. In oxen it may be caused by continuous labor with no time allowed for chewing the cud. Over eating of meal of any kind may cause it in any of the bovines. Prof. Law recommends for mild cases strong purgatives, with abundant fluids, also injections of warm water, giving only laxative food. In acute forms of the disease, with irritation of the stomach, he would give the blandest purgatives only, as linseed, olive or castor oil, with nux vomica. Injections should be given and a blister placed over the short ribs on the right side, with cold water or ice bags on the head. If the victim becomes delirious it should be tied to a strong post or ring in the ground to prevent injury from pounding against fences or buildings. Like most other diseases this is more easily prevented than cured. Watch animals closely; see that they have plenty of pure water at all times, and are not subjected to sudden changes in temperature, or in the character of their foods.

BLOODY MILK.

I have a cow which has annoyed me about giving bloody milk. Oftentimes it does not look bloody till ready to be skimmed, when the cream is pink, while there is no settling of blood at the bottom of the pan. Will you please tell the cause and name a remedy? E. H.

Hanover Centre, N. H., Aug. 20th.

REMARKS.—The causes of bloody milk are various. Blows on the udder are too frequent causes; too sudden change to very rich food causes local congestion, with increased flow of milk, and the consumption of acrid plants. Prof. Law says if the glands are congested, give saline laxatives, followed by nitre, restricted diet and bathing with cold water. If the udder is slightly feverish and lumpy, rub daily with compound tincture of iodine, mixed with three times its bulk of water. The milking must be done carefully and gently. Sometimes the milk is bloody only at the beginning or ending of the milking, or from a single teat, in which case the pure milk can easily be kept separate and saved, while the bloody portion may be thrown away or fed to pigs.

WHEAT YIELD.

Mr. S. J. Moore of Berlin, writes that he sowed one pound of Martin's Amber wheat last fall, and has harvested in return seventeen and a half pounds of very choice seed, or enough to give the variety a further trial on a larger scale this year. Seventeen and a half from one pound is not not a bad rate of increase, yet, under the most favorable conditions we would look for a larger yield. We should like to hear from others who have been experimenting with winter wheat.

Correspondence.

For the New England Farmer.

CHOLERA, &c.

A Few Words of Caution.

The newspapers inform us that Asiatic or epidemic cholera, rages with great virulence in Egypt, and in some other portions of the far East. Will it spread greatly? Will it visit the principal countries of Asia, Africa and Europe? Will it be imported into the United States and the Canadas? These are questions which cannot be answered with certainty; but judging from the past, and from the fact that the intercourse growing out of commercial relations between these several portions of the world was never so great as at the present time, such an event seems quite probable. Let us, then, be prepared for it.

A late writer in the London *Lancet* says: "In view of a possible, but we may still hope, not a very probable invasion of cholera, it may be worth while to ask ourselves seriously and urgently, in what condition will that formidable epidemic disease find us as regards the facilities provided for its rapid extinction? In the history of previous epidemics, there can be no doubt, we may trace the record of progressive limitation and repression by sanitary improvements. The time has now arrived when, with our light and knowledge, we ought to have no great dread of cholera. It is, in a very special sense, a perfectly controllable *infection*; we do not say that it is so controllable as an *affection*. It remains to be seen whether medicine, as a healing art, has discovered any new remedy, or learnt to apply any known and tried, but not perhaps thoroughly understood, principle of treatment in relief of the malady. What, however, we do assert is that medicine, as a preventive art, in its dealings with the germs of disease ought to be able to grapple instantly and successfully with cholera. We know that it is propagated solely through *excreta*, and that water is the great carrier of the infective germs. Obviously, if the *excreta* of a cholera patient are allowed to dry in contact with the air, they may float in the atmosphere, and the air will then become infected; but in a primary sense it is the water to which we must look.

In any case, it has been demonstrated that, provided all the *excreta* from a cholera patient are instantly destroyed—not merely disinfected—the disease will not spread. The malady can no more develop *de novo* than a plant can grow without seed. It is no use waiting until the disease has effected a lodgment in our midst. If choleraic *dejecta* have passed into the sewers before the nature of the disease has been recognized, as is most likely to happen, the seed has been already sown broadcast, and the production of a crop of cases in some locality, it may be seemingly far from the first case, but in connection with it, will be inevitable. The only effectual safeguard against the epidemic we desire to avoid, is to begin at once to destroy all diarrhœa stools, lest too late they may be found to have been choleraic. As a matter of precaution we ought always to destroy the stools of fever and diarrhœa. It is a wanton recklessness to allow them to pass into the sewers. This is how disease is spread and perpetuated, when it should be stamped out. Whatever disinfectant we employ should be used at once, and of strength sufficient to accomplish the object in view. These are hints which should be reduced to practice without delay."

The sentiments expressed in the foregoing quotation from one of the leading medical journals of Europe, are in harmony with those of physicians most competent to judge in the matter, in this and every other country that has been visited by cholera. And not only so, but all right minded physicians, in all countries, will say that the methods which that writer prescribes as being the best, and, indeed, the only methods by which cholera may be stamped out and destroyed, are the proper methods for stamping out and destroying epidemic dysentery, diphtheria, scarlatina, small pox, typhus and typhoid fevers, and all other pestilential diseases to which the human race is subject; and the same is true concerning those diseases of a malignant and infectious character which destroy, yearly, so many of our domestic animals. Indeed, too much importance cannot be attached to the entire disinfection or utter destruction of everything which comes from a person or an animal, affected with any of those diseases which are caused and perpetuated by living germs, as are all malarious and miasmatic diseases, whether contagious or infectious, as some of them certainly are. Let all discharges, feculent, urinal and otherwise, be disinfected and buried, not in the common vault, but deep in dry earth, where they can, in no case, reach a stream of water, a spring, a cistern, or a well.

In conclusion, suffer me to repeat the common but important injunction: "keep your dwellings and other buildings, with their surroundings, clean and thoroughly ventilated," for nothing is truer than that filth of all kinds furnishes the best resting and hatching places for disease-producing germs.

J. H. STEADMAN, M. D.

For the New England Farmer.

A CHAT WITH THE FARMERS.

If T. F. C., in your issue of Aug. 11, fully knew the character of "witch grass" or quack, as it is more commonly called in this section, I am confident he would not be inquiring for the seed. I think the statement is none too broad if I say that with two exceptions quack is the worst weed known to New England; the two referred to are kale or wild mustard, and the common "Canada thistle." These are worse from the simple fact that they are harder to eradicate after once obtaining a foot hold in the soil; they do not offer as much hindrance to cultivation as quack, however. My advice to T. F. C. would be to steer clear of these weeds as he would of the imps of Satan, of whom they are a symbol.

I speak from experience, as I was brought up fighting the above mentioned plants; about my first unpleasant recollections are of digging and tugging among quack roots, in the vain endeavor to obtain enough dirt to properly hill up potatoes. We eradicated the pest from a field of about six acres, however, and have tackled another of about the same extent. The land, in both cases, is level, and of a loamy character.

In the first field there was such a mat of roots that we were obliged to use four heavy horses in breaking up. It was planted to potatoes, the hoeing of which occupied three or four men about all summer; the season being quite dry, the grass roots absorbed so much of the moisture, that the crop was nearly a failure—hardly paying expenses. Soon after harvesting, the ground was ploughed a second time, the sod being almost as firm as before; the following winter was a very severe one, although the fall of snow was light, the ground remaining bare during two or three weeks of freezing weather at times. Early the following spring, in anticipation of another severe contest with the grass, we commenced harrowing, hoping to get rid of some roots in this manner. We were much surprised upon examination, to find them shriveled and looking as if dead, and sure enough this was the case with the greater part of it; thorough cultivation the remainder of the season finishing the rest.

It is our opinion that success is due to fall ploughing, followed, as it was, by so severe a winter. In the event of a wet summer, followed by a mild winter with a heavy snow fall, the above treatment might not be as effectual. We are trying it again this season, however, and if the weather continues like the present, we may be able to report a like case with opposite conditions.

Although in the midst of an extensive apple growing section, the crop this year will be light; what fruit there is, however, will, probably, be of prime quality. Buyers are now looking over orchards preparatory to securing what winter fruit there is, the price, although not yet fixed, will probably be high. Early fruit has nearly all been shipped; for several years past, the price has been so low for this class that it has hardly paid for picking; the present season bids fair to be an exception, although returns from all shipments have not yet been received. I think in many cases early apples are not picked as early as they should be, in order to keep and ship well; they are perishable at best. Shippers, in this section, are paying more attention to the selection of neat packages for shipping fruit in; this care has long been needed, and will, no doubt, improve the price.

It seems as if the potato bugs were never more determined to destroy the crop than this year, as the season has been for the most part rainy. Paris greening has, in many sections, proved ineffectual; some farmers have "greened" their fields as many as five times, and still have a full crop—of bugs. We have been obliged to resort to hand picking several times, and in this way, with the aid of Paris green, have managed to keep the vines pretty clear of bugs. Unless the rust visits our section the crop will be large, although of course, the acreage does not begin to compare with that of our Aroostook county neighbors in Maine, and Washington and Rensselaer counties in New York.

Chittenden Co., Vt. W. H. RAND.

For the New England Farmer.

BOYS AND THE FARM.

I read with considerable interest the articles that appear in your columns, from time to time, respecting the boys all leaving the farm.

Now, we have a family of boys that we would be glad to see earning their way on farms, and finally settled on land of their own, in our own dear New England. We lived on a farm many years, and did not discover that even one of our boys disliked farm work. They were very fond of taking care of anything that had life, loved the garden work, and hailed, with especial delight, the haying season. The forenoon lunch, eaten on the grass with the men, was esteemed by them far ahead of any basket picnic ever got up. They thought it no hardship to keep mother supplied with berries, picked at odd times, for pies and the tea table. I believe, that, from the opening of spring until the closing of winter, our boys were interested in their work; in the fields, at the barn, or, may hap, in the woods.

What is the matter now? We have a stout lad, not yet of age—a faithful, willing boy, kind and careful with every creature he has had to do with, a valuable hand, and appreciated by his employer, who would willingly raise his wages to retain him. But he cannot be persuaded to remain here an other year. He is now as fast to leave the farm work as he was eager to engage in it.

To rise between four and five, milk a number of cows, go in to a cup of drink called coffee, with nothing about the breakfast table to please the eye or palate; out, to a long, dreary forenoon, with no "lunch hour" to break its tedious course; in, to a dinner, got up, it often seems to the help, for cheapness rather than nourishment; the meat poorly cooked, and the poorest pieces good enough for the men; an occasional cake that has outlived its usefulness, may grace the tea table. At night, there is the little back chamber, into which the sun has poured its rays, unchecked, throughout the day, mingling with the heat coming up from a kitchen stove. Not even a screen to the one little window. Nothing, anywhere, to show that there has been a thought for the *comfort* of the hired man.

Not a very pleasant out-look for a high lifed, growing lad. It *isn't* the hard work, or the long days that stand in the way. It is a feeling of, "I don't like to be here." I remember a farmer's wife saying to me, some years ago, in language more plain than elegant, that their hired help were always dainty and fault finding, and, she added, "If I should cook up nice things as you do, they would make hogs of themselves."

Now, the fact is, I had to practise the closest economy, and could not afford many things that she had. But I tried to have the food, such as it was, abundant, attractive and free; and to have our home, a home for any who chanced to be within its walls. I feel a pride in saying, that of all the men or boys that were employed while we were on the farm, I cannot recall one that was dainty, fault finding or homesick. I am going to speak out for the boys. I know they want a good breakfast, a good dinner, and a good supper, and to feel they can eat all they need, (being their own judges,) without the cognomen of "hog." They want a comfortable place to sleep in; a chair, a table, a looking glass, to say nothing of nick nacks. They want their buttons sewed on, and the rips in their store clothes sewed up. They want to feel at home. The better class of our New England boys are not going to work out on farms, unless farmers' wives take some interest in them. The home I have pictured, I am glad to believe an exceptional one, but not as exceptional as it ought to be. The boys of my acquaintance, that work on farms, are laying up more money than those that are in other occupations. So take heart, boys, there are good homes on good farms for you, somewhere. When you find a good place, keep it, as long as you are needed. By and by you will own a farm, and have a chance to show how boys ought to be treated. And, boys, cheer up after supper, make yourselves as agreeable as you can, and hold your heads high. AZILLA.

Selections.

SOIL ANALYSES.

Dr. Sturtevant, at the New York Experiment Station, has been giving the farmers of that State some figures to show the utter worthlessness of ordinary soil analyse to determine the relative agricultural value of farm lands. Here are some of his figures, which are well worthy the attention of those who have been led to believe that a ten dollar soil analysis would enable one to know just what must be applied to an infertile soil to make it productive, and its cultivation profitable. The quotation is from Bulletin No. 56 of the Experiment Station series:—

A cubic foot of soil in the average condition of moisture, weighs from 70 to 100 pounds. The soil taken ten inches deep from an acre of land would therefore weigh about 3,000,000 pounds.

For the purpose of analysis, in the ordinary method, about 1-10th of an ounce of this soil would be taken, and this represents about 1-480,000,000 part of an acre.

If one ton of superphosphate, containing 10 per cent of phosphoric acid, were thoroughly mixed with the upper 10 inches of an acre of soil we should have added 200 pounds of phosphoric acid to 3,000,000 pounds of soil, or one part to 15,000; that is to say, that each 15,000 pounds of soil would contain one pound of the added phosphoric acid. As but 1-10 of an ounce of this would be used for analysis, this 1-10 of an ounce would contain but 1-15,000 added parts of phosphoric acid, and this proportion would be represented by the percentage figures 00.0066, or .0000066 of an ounce.

This will be better understood if we repeat that in percentage figures it would require the addition of over 300 pounds of the superphosphate to the acre to change the third decimal figure of the analysis by a unit. The corollary of this is that as the chemist rarely works in this class of analyses beyond the second decimal figure, the addition

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for advising precaution against infection or contamination; for inspection of the cattle in dairies, and regulating the lighting and ventilation of dairies and cow sheds; and for authorizing the local authority to make the necessary regulations. This is very sensible legislation, and might be copied in this country with good results.

New England Farmer.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

The New Hampshire Patrons of Husbandry are having a big time at Weirs this week, with a four days' picnic.

"Not guilty this time, but he'd better not do it again" seems to have been the verdict in the great Chicago lard case just decided by a committee of the Board of Trade.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided in the "bitters case," that when the bitters are sold in good faith as a medicine, no special tax is required, but when sold as a beverage, a license must be paid. This is "an opinion as is an opinion," worthy of the immortal Bunsby himself.

A statement has been recently very widely circulated, that a certain Mr. Gardner of Boston had bequeathed nearly a million dollars to the United States Government, to help pay the national debt. It turns out, however, to be only the story of "The Three Black Crows," re-told, the bequest amounting only to $25,000 or less, and the will by which it was bequeathed having been made more than twenty years ago, when the secession war had just begun, and patriotic enthusiasm, for the time, took precedence of selfish interest.

One half-grown cub, who was being educated at public expense at the United States Military Academy at West Point, has just been expelled from that institution for indulging in the exquisitely humorous and courageous pastime of "hazing," or in plain English, brutally abusing, a younger student. Now the naval school is taking its turn, and some dozen or more of its cadets are under arrest for the same offence. It is to be hoped that if found guilty they will meet with the same punishment, the only one that is sure to be found efficient in putting a stop to these brutal and cowardly practices among young men in the puppy-hood stage of existence, when gathered in large schools and colleges.

The American Rapid Telegraph employes have been notified that all the advantages accorded them during the strike, when the company conceded to their demands, have been revoked. They will hereafter receive the old rate of wages paid before the strike, and will be required to work the same number of hours. Operators of the Western Union, who have gone back to work since the collapse of the strike, have only been permitted to do so at a lower rate of pay than they had formerly received. That has been the net result of every great strike that we can remember, with one or two exceptions. It is only one more proof that the strike, as a weapon of offense or of defense, in the struggle between labor and capital, is worthless, and that those workmen will be the wisest, who soonest learn not to rely upon it.

TARE ON HOPS.

There appears to be an irrepressible conflict between the brewers and hop-growers in the matter of the allowance to be made for tare on the bales. It has been customary to sell hops at gross weight, making no allowance for the weight of the material used in packing, so that the purchaser pays just as much per pound for the sacking and twine, and other materials, as he does for the hops themselves. This was all very well, perhaps, when hops were selling at a low price, but when, as during the past season, the price got up to the vicinity of one dollar per pound, the brewers began to kick at paying any such rate for worthless material, particularly as some of the growers had begun to see that the heavier they made their sacking, and the more they used of it, and the more wooden pins and iron spikes they could stick in to hold it together, the more profit they were making. Accordingly, at a recent convention of brewers at Detroit, a set of rules was formulated as to the weight of bales, and the allowance that should be made for tare, stipulating at the same time, that hops packed in any other way should be considered unmerchantable.

The growers, however, are decidedly averse to giving up their custom of selling without tare, and it was to protect that custom and to prevent a change, (according to one of the speakers at the meeting,) that a convention of the Central New York Hop Growers' Association was held at Oneida on Saturday last. It seems to be allowed on all hands, that absolute dishonesty in packing, by the methods above mentioned, is the cause of the present disagreement between the growers and the purchasers, and indeed the very preamble to the resolutions passed at the Oneida meeting, confesses as much, saying that "there is no doubt that the brewers have been to some extent imposed upon during the past season." That the custom of selling hops by the actual weight of the bale, and with no allowance for tare, is the only thing that renders such imposition possible, we suppose no one will deny, nor can it be doubted that the higher the price of hops, the greater the temptation to this species of dishonesty. Other agricultural products are sold by net weight, and we must say that we can see no reason why hops should form an exception to the rule. At least to concede this point would enable the growers to "avoid even the appearance of evil," as well as conform their custom to that of other producers and of manufacturers.

The growers at Oneida, however, could not be brought to look at the matter in this light, but instead, adopted a series of resolutions designed to secure honest dealing by what we must consider a much more roundabout way, and one which will be more easily evaded by parties who are determined to be dishonest. After admitting, as above stated, that buyers had been imposed upon, the resolutions advise the use of sacking weighing 1½ pounds to the yard, the weight of the sacking to be marked upon each bale; and to allow the buyer to deduct from the bale the weight of all unnecessary sacking used. The use of wooden or iron pins in baling is denounced, and the Legislature is called upon to pass a law making such use a misdemeanor. Hop bales shall average from 175 to 200 pounds, or be considered unmerchantable, and every bale shall be plainly marked with the growers' name, and his post-office address, together with the year in which the hops were raised. The last of the resolutions sets forth "That we are opposed to the allowance of any tare, whatever, and advise all growers to sell their hop bales at their actual weight."

That these resolutions, if thoroughly carried out, might possibly meet the difficulty, we do not deny, but they seem to us to be unnecessarily cumbrous, as well as indefinite. For instance, who is to decide what weight of sacking is necessary, and how much shall be deducted? Why should a new statute of special and limited nature, be introduced into the legislature to be fought over and perhaps not passed, when, even if it were passed, it would not secure its object half as well as the much simpler device of selling hops by their own honest weight? And why should sacking and twine be sold as hops, any more than wooden tubs should be sold as butter, or barrels be reckoned as sugar, because butter or sugar is packed in them? We are unable to see any reason whatever why hops should not be sold by net weight, except that it is an old and vicious custom to sell them by gross weight. Doubtless this custom will have to be abandoned before long. California growers are offering their hops this year with the tare out, and brewers are learning to use substitutes for hops, or to make a limited quantity go a great deal further than they used, and are thus becoming less dependent on the growers of New York and the East, and more in position to dictate the terms upon which they will buy, and we very much doubt if the committee appointed at the Oneida meeting to confer with the brewers will induce them to abandon this point.

THE CATTLE QUARANTINE.

Arrangements have at length been concluded for the extension of the facilities for the accommodation, during the ninety days isolation required by law, of foreign cattle brought into this country by way of Boston, which seems to have become decidedly the most popular port with importers of this kind of property. The station at Waltham, which at the time of its establishment a few months ago, seemed sufficiently commodious for all possible needs, was outgrown almost immediately, and other quarters had to be provided in a hurry. There are at present about 400 head of cattle quartered there. Besides these, 163 are temporarily quartered at Sherborn and 382 at Concord, making 950 head at the Boston quaraintine. Many of the cattle are at present in rough sheds with open sides, which would be unsuitable for winter. It is probable that the importations to this point will be very large during the fall, notification having been received of the shipment of two herds of 448 and 225 head respectively, to arrive here the first and middle of September. According to the present quarantine regulations it is necessary for the cattle to be held three months from the date of shipment before they can be surrendered to the consignee. The owners are obliged to feed and tend them during the period of quarantine, while the Government affords them suitable shelter and water privileges. Most of the cattle are imported by Western parties for breeding purposes, and all of them are valuable and high-cost stock. Collector Worthington has applied to the national authorities for $25,000 for the purpose of increasing the accommodations, but has been allowed only $8,000. Of this $5000 is to be employed in enlarging the Waltham quarantine ground and buildings, and $4000 to put in order the premises of the Middlesex Agricultural Society at Concord, which have been leased by the collector for quarantine purposes. At Waltham, numerous sheds have been erected or hired, which will serve for winter quarters, and others are to be put up. With land recently leased, there is an area of 23 acres. At Concord it is proposed to build 85 double stalls in the basement of the exhibition building, which will afford good shelter. Some of the sheds are in fair condition, while others are rather flimsy and dilapitated. The open pens are rather rickety affairs, and will probably have to be entirely rebuilt. The funds allowed by the government are obviously inadequate, and a further grant will be obtained if possible. The Fitchburg road is to run a spur into the grounds for the transportation of the cattle. Collector Worthington thinks it will be necessary to provide this year for 1000 or 1200 cattle such winter accommodations as will not occasion complaint on the part of importers.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.—The arrangements for the Exhibition of the New England Agricultural Society at Manchester next week are now virtually complete, and every indication points to a more than usually comprehensive and successful show. The entries of blooded stock are the largest ever known in the history of the society. So many were offered that it has been necessary to use some discrimination, and to accept only the best, of which, it is said, enough have already been entered, to fill all the space, even although the original plan of accommodations has been doubled to meet requirements. The thoroughbred cattle aggregate over 400 head, and the total about 850 head. Horses, 100; sheep, 200; swine, 150. The poultry entries will number 75 coops at least. The bench show of dogs will number 200 entries, a large and varied show. The exhibit of agricultural implements will be unusually large, comprising tools and machinery from the Middle and Western States. The grounds and track are about completed, and competent judges declare them the best in the country.

LARD ADULTERATION.—The committee of the Chicago Produce Exchange, appointed to investigate charges of adulterating lard, made against Fowler Bros., of that city, have reported. The particular charge against the firm of tendering a quantity of adulterated lard to McGeoch, Everingham & Co., was not verified, and the committee exonerated the firm on that point. The report proceeds, however, and takes the stand that Fowler Bros. deserve unqualified disapproval and censure for the methods they have observed in manufacturing prime steam lard. The employment of secret pipes, and other appliances, the report declares, lays the firm open to the suspicion of using cottonseed oil and other contraband articles in making lard, and unless the opportunity for even this suspicion is removed, the Board of Trade should be relieved from all responsibility in the matter. The report concludes by expressing gratification at the results obtained by the investigation, and declares that as the result of the scientific research provoked by the trial, the detection of impurities in lard by the employment of the microscope can be easily effected, and that the placing of an impure article upon the market could be made practically impossible, if a proper inspection takes place.

A MINNESOTA CYCLONE.—A terrible cyclone swept over Rochester, Minnesota, and vicinity, on Tuesday, the 21st inst., destroying nearly everything in its track. Thirty-four persons were killed, and eighty-two wounded at Rochester, three hundred buildings were completely destroyed, and at least two hundred others badly damaged by the tempest. The loss of property in that place it is estimated will reach $500,000. Great damage was also done in the neighborhood, to farm buildings and crops. The path of the cyclone was from west to east, and was about eighteen miles long. A relief committee has examined the condition of fifty farms in the track and say that every house and barn on them was demolished, and that much valuable stock was killed, farming machinery wrecked, and thousands of bushels of grain destroyed. One hundred and fifty families are rendered utterly destitute, and rely upon outsiders for food and shelter. In the city of Rochester itself, every building on a tract of ground measuring nearly two miles in length by three-quarters of a mile in width, was entirely demolished, as if by an explosion. Some of the persons who were killed, were literally torn to pieces by the force of the gale. Fortunately, most of the people saw the storm coming, and had time to flee to the cellars for safety, or the loss of life would have been much greater.

POISONED CATTLE.—Five of the herd of Scotch cattle now in quarantine at Concord have recently died from arsenical poisoning, and some thirty others are under medical treatment, the veterinarian in charge having strong hopes of saving them, although they have obviously had a nearly fatal dose of the poison. A large package of Paris green was discovered in one of the pastures frequented by the cattle, and some part of the same had been scattered upon the grass, so that it was at once inferred that the poisoning was malicious, although no possible motive for such action on the part of any person could be even imagined, the cattle being the property of a Missouri gentleman who could not have had an enemy in the neighborhood. It has turned out, however, that the poison was left in the pasture five years ago, by a former workman on the farm, who, having used some of it on an adjoining field of potatoes, hid what he had left in a clump of bushes, where it has remained ever since until disturbed by these cattle.

A FRENCHMAN is on his way across the Atlantic Ocean, with the intention of trying to swim the Niagara rapids.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MAGAZINES.

In *Wide Awake*, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney begins a new serial story in her best vein, entitled "Buttered Crusts." "Bobby's Business Experience" is an excellent story of a small defaulter, who found out for himself that honesty is not only the safest, but pleasantest way. Circus-struck youths will find "Benny's Disappearance" perhaps as interesting as the account of Prof. Bartholomew's wonderful educated ponies. The serials, "Cacique John," the Central American story, and "On Indiana Roads," appear in generous installments; the last drawings appear of the picture-serial, "Through Spain on Donkey-Back," and "The Summer Comedy" also comes to a satisfactory conclusion. John Spicer lectures this time upon "Sneaks;" Marion Harland contributes another cooking lesson; and The Next Neighbor discourses on "Ironing Day." Altogether the number is equal to any of its predecessors in interest and value to its young readers.

Louisa M. Alcott opens the September *St. Nicholas* with the first part of one of her charming stories, entitled "Little Pyramus and Thisbe." Mr. Daniel Beard tells us of "Tom, Dick and Harry, in Florida," and shows us many pictures of the odd things they saw, and the curious adventures they had. "Lost in the Woods" is a graphic account of the remarkable adventures of the Lorre children, who for more than a week last summer, wandered through the forests of Northern Michigan, hunted for by hundreds of people, and keeping up their courage through hardships that might well have disheartened even older persons. The "Work and Play" department contains the first half of a profusely illustrated article on "The Playthings and Amusements of an Old-fashioned Boy," who lived when boys had to make their own toys or go without. The different serial stories are continued, and there are poems by Celia Thaxter, and Sara O. Jewett, in addition to the usual quota of stories, sketches and illustrations.

FOX HUNTING AT NEWPORT.

The general agent of the R. I. S. P. C. A., has sent the following letter to Mr. Eliot Zebroskie, master of the hounds, Newport, R. I.:—

Dear Sir: My official position compels me to notice and weigh the numerous complaints made by the citizens of our State relative to the so-called fox-hunts conducted by your association and others on the island of Rhode Island.

1. The so-called hunts are a serious shock to the moral sense and humane spirit of the citizens of our State.

2. They are in violation of the laws of the State, as expressed in chapter 96 of the Revised Statutes.

To explain more fully: 1. Both the horses driven and the foxes torn by the dogs are animals, in the purview of the law. 2. The horses, in view of the speed, distance and leaps of the drives, are overdriven and cruelly treated. 3. The foxes, not being in a "wild state," but caught and caged, are cruelly treated in being let loose to be torn in pieces by dogs and men. 4. The persons having the custody of the foxes are offenders against the law by allowing the animals to be let loose to be mangled by the dogs. 7. The transactions are in no proper sense "hunts," but simply artificial, unnecessary, cruel games. 6. Such games are therefore condemned by both the letter and the spirit of our law, as by the verdict of the intelligent and moral people of our State.

You will do me the favor to communicate these conclusions to the officers and members of your association, and regard them as an official admonition touching the matter in hand.

The letter however was not sent until the very day of the final "hunt" of the season, after the sport had been permitted to continue all summer without remonstrance, or at any rate without public remonstrance, on the part of the Society or its agent, which looks a little as if the Society did not want to offend the pinchbeck "nobility" as long as they would stay and spend their money at Newport.

THE FAIRS OF BOSTON.

During the present week the preparations for the international exhibition in this city will be completed, and on Monday next the fair in the Mechanics' building will be opened. The Institute fair will follow forthwith, and the two together will make the most complete exhibition of domestic and foreign goods ever held on this continent, excepting the Philadelphia exhibition of 1876. These exhibitions are entitled to national attention. The foreign fair has the good will of the national government to an unusual degree, the vast Mechanics' building having been transformed into a bonded warehouse to which all foreign goods are admitted duty-free. At the same time, whatever is exhibited is on sale, and visitors will be enabled to purchase at original prices, to which the duties will be added when the goods are taken out of the building into consumption. There is a possibility, therefore, that for months to come this foreign fair will be a vast market not only for merchants and traders, but also for private purchasers.

The fear that this great bazaar will interfere with the legitimate trade of Boston, is not well founded. It is more probable that the foreign fair will serve as general stimulant. The regular wants of the people who buy in Boston are so well known to our merchants and tradesmen that no foreigner can compete with them. But the foreign producer can show novelties and excite new wants. In a very remarkable manner, the foreign producer, the home consumer, and the middleman will meet under one roof, to exchange information and to agree on common interests. This arrangement is certainly preferable to the old system, under which the American importer is obliged to visit foreign markets, and to select what the American consumer may be expected to favor. That the fair will exert a decided influence upon the shopping-trade of Boston, is fairly certain, and it is almost equally certain that this influence will be beneficent rather than injurious. No one can view this fair with indifference, save the few who make regular visits to Europe, and even they will find something to learn.

All this applies with double force to the Institute fair, at which we shall see the manufactured products of New England and the raw materials of the South. The two fairs, therefore, will present an exceptional opportunity for studying the comparative merits of domestic and foreign production. And this study should apply not only to the quality of the goods presented, but also to prices. Indeed, it is hard to say whether these fairs will appeal more to the student or to the actual consumer. Both will have very ample opportunities, and these should be put to the best uses. It would be narrow-minded to think that anything but profit can accrue to Boston, if the people of New England find out, as they will, that the South has good timber and that the foreign manufacturer has good taste. Do we not get all our raw materials from beyond New England, and do we not get the larger part of our labor from beyond the ocean? Yet we have done well, and if we find that foreign skill surpasses our own, we have learned to import that skill rather than its products.

It is too late to think that New England can be a community all by itself, or that this country will be happiest when it has least to do with foreign products and foreign producers. It is much better to bid them welcome, and to hold fast to that which is best. For this reason it is desirable that in September and up to Christmas Boston should be visited by thousands, not only from New England, but from all over the country, and from foreign parts. And these visitors should be received with the utmost cordiality, for their visits mean new friendships and new enterprises in many directions. Boston has nothing to fear from comparisons, and it has much to offer, much to gain, much to accomplish. Accordingly, the fairs should not be viewed provincially, but in a large way. If they involve losses, as fairs often do, individuals only will be out of pocket, while the community at large cannot but be the gainer. But how much it will gain, depends upon the heartiness and intelligence with which the people of this great and growing city will visit and discuss the exhibitions.—*Advertiser.*

HIS FIRST DAY AT SARATOGA.—Saratoga was a new idea to him. It was so jolly to go from spring to spring and take a drink of the water of each. No two of the springs tasted alike. There are about forty springs at Saratoga. After tasting nearly half of these, he began to have a queer feeling inside him. After spending most of the day in this way, he went to bed. It seemed as if all the water works of the lower regions were raising a riot within him. After several hours of agony, he thought of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. It gave him relief and comfort, and charmed him to sleep.

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage, and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

No disease can show such quick results as Heart Disease; do not delay; Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is a specific. $1 per bottle at druggists.

MAINE has made money out of raspberries this season. Five thousand dollars worth have been picked in one locality.

N. C. PERRY, Esq., residing at 252 Hanover St., Boston, Mass., says: "Ellis's Spavin Cure has cured two of the worst cases of *wind galls* I ever met."

DR. PIERCE'S "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "little liver pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ The winter apple crop of the Northwest is declared to be a total failure.

☞ Governor Robie of Maine, has nominated John A. Peters, esq., for the chief-justice of the supreme judicial court of that state.

☞ The Bolivar statue at New York will be unveiled the 22d of next February, Washington's birthday.

☞ The South Brooklyn, N. Y., oil works were destroyed by fire on Monday, the loss reaching $60,000.

☞ Half a million dollars worth of lumber, together with a sawmill and several houses at Williamsport, Pa., were burned on Monday.

☞ Randall Jordan of Canterbury, Conn., 80 years old was burnt to death in a bush fire, last Monday.

☞ Vigorous measures are to be taken by the government to prevent timber stealing along the Canadian border.

☞ The tobacco crop of Rock county, Wis., has been destroyed by hail. Loss $100,000. The same storm did great damage in Illinois.

☞ There are 48,000 post-offices in the United States, of which 2176 are presidential offices and 6373 money-order offices.

☞ The old Buffum mill property at Salem was burned last Wednesday, involving a loss of $16,000.

☞ J. M. Haven, the ex-Treasurer of the Rutland Railroad, has been arrested, charged with issuing false shares of stock. He gave bail in $5000.

☞ The Empire oil-works at Hunter's Point, Long Island City, N. Y., were burned last week, the property loss being estimated at $500,000.

☞ The Treasury department has decided that an immigrant who falls ill after once obtaining work in this country is not entitled to relief from the immigrant fund.

☞ W. R. Adams, ex-judge of Faulkner county, Arkansas, has been convicted of stealing $100 from Sheriff Townsend, and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

☞ The ceremony of inaugurating the foundation of the Garfield monument at San Francisco last Friday was attended by over 100,000 persons.

☞ Capt. John Hall, a leading citizen of New Brunswick, N. J., is alleged to have absconded, leaving $30,000 in forged paper behind him.

☞ Fire at the Wamesit steam mills at Lowell, Monday morning, did about $30,000 damage, of which Parker & Cheney, bobbin manufacturers, lose half and are uninsured.

☞ The first appointment in the Treasury Department, under the civil-service law, was made last Saturday; that of Miss Mary F. Hoyt of Connecticut, to a $900 clerkship.

☞ The wheat elevator of Trow & Co., at Madison, Indiana, containing 100,000 bushels of wheat, was destroyed by fire last Friday, the property loss aggregating $125,000.

☞ Senator Edmunds has announced himself in favor of a government telegraph, and will introduce a bill to that effect on the meeting of Congress and ask for its immediate consideration.

☞ A peremptory sale of domestic cotton goods was held in New York last week. There was a brisk demand, but none of the goods brought a very large price. The sale approximated $2,000,000.

☞ It appears upon investigation that the national banknotes recently found in a waste-paper basket of the Treasury department at Washington were carelessly placed there by a clerk, but without criminal intent.

☞ A sensational report is telegraphed from Ogden, Utah, to the effect that a party of cowboys and Indians is bent on kidnapping President Arthur, and holding him for a heavy ransom.

☞ The vacant Spanish ministry at Washington will not be filled for some months. Senor Dupuy de Lome, *charge d'affaires*, will have charge of the legation until Senor Barca's successor is appointed.

☞ Charges of malfeasance have been brought against Governor Begole of Michigan in that he has defrauded the widow of his son, and fraudulently procured 1000 acres of land from her.

☞ The drought is very severe in eastern Maine, and crops are injured beyond possible recovery. Many of the farmers are obliged to feed hay to their stock, the pasturage being entirely destroyed.

☞ The woods at Mt. Desert Island took fire last week, endangering the safety of the hotels and summer residences around Bar Harbor, but fortunately doing no material damage, except the destruction of an immense quantity of standing timber.

☞ A house and barn belonging to Edward Adams of North Andover Centre were burned last Friday evening. An adjoining house, used as a blacksmith and wheelwright shop, was also burned to the ground. In the barn were 35 tons of hay and 250 bushels of rye.

☞ Edward Little, son of Rev. George Little of Washington, D. C., Greenough Thayer of Cambridge, Mass., Emma Gould of Andover, and Kittie Safford of Washington, D. C., were drowned while bathing at Ogunquit, Me., last Friday.

☞ Some 70 American boats are laid up at the Chandiere (Ottawa) lumber docks, awaiting loads, with poor prospects ahead for freights, unless prices in lumber advance. The greater bulk of freighting this season is being done by Canadian vessels.

☞ Three young men attempted to steal a ride on top of the cars from Peekskill to Albany last Saturday night, and in passing through a tunnel on the route, two of them had their skulls crushed, and on arriving at Poughkeepsie, were taken from their hiding-place—dead.

☞ Five persons lost their lives by the burning of a tenement house on Thacher court, at the North End, in this city on Sunday night. The fire is supposed to have been the result of a quarrel between two brothers living in the house, one of whom threw a lighted kerosene lamp at the other.

☞ In answer to numerous telegrams, Memphis, Tenn., reports that there is no apprehension there of yellow fever. Memphis was never healthier, and every preparation has been made to guard against a diffusion of the disease, even if it should find lodgment at the points below.

☞ The Wolf mill at Cambridgeport, Vt., owned by Robert Fulton of Proctorsville and leased by Hubley & Co. of Worcester, Mass., was burned last Saturday. The loss on the mill is estimated at $10,000; on contents about $3000. The origin of the fire is unknown, but supposed incendiary.

☞ Agents of a powerful syndicate of Boston and New York capitalists have purchased a gold mine at Mount Unlacke and one at Chezzetcook, Nova Scotia, and it is rumored that they have purchased several others. Extensive works will be erected upon each of the properties thus acquired, and the new proprietors intend to push things vigorously.

☞ The excursion steamer Riverdale, running between New York and Haverstraw, exploded her boilers last Tuesday afternoon at the foot of Thirteenth street, North river. The passengers were nearly all rescued by boats, which immediately went to their assistance. It is thought that only two or three persons lost their lives, and the injured will not probably exceed ten.

☞ The Senate Committee gave Sitting Bull's Sioux a hearing at Fort Yates last week. The "big Injun," not liking the terms proposed, declared the council at an end, and very broadly stated his conviction that the committee was drunk, whereupon Senator Logan gave him a severe talking to, and threatened to have him arrested unless he apologized. He chose the latter alternative.

☞ Mr. J. H. Saunders of the special United States treasury commission just returned from Europe expresses the belief in a public interview that England will remove her restrictions on the importation of American cattle, but that Germany will not remove her restrictions on American pork until this government inaugurates a thorough system of inspection.

☞ Fire got into some peat meadows at Belmont recently and about 100 acres have been burned over, the soil itself having been consumed to the depth of two to three feet. A part of the tract was covered with cranberries and a part with large trees, maples and willows. The roots of the trees having been burned off, the trunks have fallen. The fire started from some boys attempting to fire a hornet's nest.

☞ The practice ships Dale and Constellation have just returned to Annapolis from a cruise. About fifteen of the cadets on board the Constellation, belonging to the class that entered the academy in June and September, 1882, have been reported to Superintendent Ramsay for hazing members of the next lower class, and will be tried by court martial. Captain Ramsay expresses a determination to break up the hazing if he can do so by any means in his power.

STARTLING WEAKNESS,

General and Nervous Debility, Impaired Memory, Lack of Self-confidence, Premature Loss of Manly Vigor and Powers, are common results of excessive indulgence or youthful indiscretions and pernicious solitary practices. Victims whose manhood has thus been wrecked by self abuse should address, with three letter stamps, for large illustrated treatise giving means of perfect cure, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Markets.

BOSTON RETAIL PRICES.

Inside of Faneuil Hall Market.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 29, 1883.

[Corrected weekly by HILTON & WOODWARD, No. 5, *Veal and Mutton;* GEO. H. RUSSELL, Nos. 17 & 19, *Poultry and Game;* H. BIRD & CO., Nos. 38 & 40, *Beef, Pork, Lard and Hams;* CROSBY, BROS. & CO., Nos. 57 & 59, *Butter, Cheese and Eggs;* SANDS, FURBER & CO., Nos. 88 & 90, *Fruit and Vegetables;* SHATTUCK & JONES, No. 128, *Fish;* GEO. E. RICHARDSON & CO., No. 1, F. H. Square, *Fruit and Nuts.*]

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Butter, ₩ lb—		Cheese, ₩ lb . .	11 @ 15
Lump, . . .	25 @ 50	Sage, ...	14 @ 18
Creamery, .	25 @ 30	Brie, each, . . .	@ 90
Prime tub, .	22 @ 25	Neufchatel, each,	@ 6
2d quality, .	20 @ 22	Eggs, ₩ doz . .	25 @ 28
common, . .	15 @ 18	Cape, ...	28 @ 33

Fruits and Berries.

Apples—₩ pk .	50 @ 60	Lemons, ₩ doz	25 @ 30
Canteloupes, ea	15 @ 25	Muskmelons, ea	15 @ 30
Cranberries, qt .	@ 20	Oranges, ₩ doz	50 @ 75
Cocoanuts, ea .	5 @ 8	Pineapples, ea .	15 @ 25
Grapes—₩ lb . .	6 @ 10	Watermelons, ea	25 @ 50

Fruits and Nuts--Dry and Canned.

Almonds, ₩ lb .	20 @ 30	Prunes, ₩ lb . .	8 @ 20
Apples, ₩ lb . .	5 @ 10	Peaches, ₩ can .	30 @ 35
Castana, ₩ lb . .	@ 10	₩ qt can . . .	20 @ 35
Citron, ₩ lb . .	18 @ 20	Raisins,lay's ₩ lb	16 @ 30
Dates, ₩ lb . .	10 @ 15	Valencias, ₩ lb .	10 @ 13
Figs, ₩ lb . . .	15 @ 30	Shagbarks, ₩ qt	6 @ 8
Filberts, ₩ lb .	15 @ 20	Walnuts, Eng. .	15 @ 20
Peanuts, ₩ lb .	10 @ 15	Naples, ...	@ 20
Pecans, ...	14 @ 17	Zante cur'nts, lb	10 @ 12

Vegetables.

Beans, ₩ pk . .	87 @ 1 00	Onions, ₩ pk . .	@ 50
string, ₩ pk	30 @ 40	Peas, split, ₩ qt .	@ 10
shell, ₩ qt . .	@ 25	Potatoes, ₩ pk .	@ 25
Beets, ₩ pk . .	@ 20	₩ bushel . .	87 @ 1 00
Egg plants, ea .	15 @ 20	₩ bbl . . .	1 75 @ 2 00
Cabbages, ea .	10 @ 12	Sage and Thyme—	
Carrots, ₩ pk . .	@ 20	₩ bch	@ 6
Cauliflowers, .	25 @ 50	Squashes—	
Celery, bch . .	@ 15	Marrow, ₩ lb .	@ 3
Cucumbers, ea .	@ 2	Summer, ea .	5 @ 6
Green corn, ₩ doz	12 00 @ 15 00	Tomatoes, qt . .	@ 8
Lettuce, ₩ head .	@ 5	Turnips, ₩ pk . .	@ 35
Mushrooms, lb	50 @ 75		

Meats--Fresh.

Beef, ₩ lb—		Mutton—	
Sirloin steak .	22 @ 28	legs, ₩ lb . .	13 @ 17
Round do. . .	15 @ 25	fore qr, ₩ lb .	10 @ 13
Rib, roast . .	15 @ 22	chops, ₩ lb . .	17 @ 23
Chuck rib . .	10 @ 12	Pork, ₩ lb—	
Soup pieces . .	6 @ 8	Roast & steak	11 @ 13
Liver	8 @ 10	Suet, ₩ lb . . .	9 @ 11
Haslet, sheep, ea	@ 10	Tallow, ₩ lb . .	8 @ 10
Lamb—		Veal, inside ₩ lb	17 @ 20
hind qr, ₩ lb .	13 @ 20	fore qr . . .	10 @ 13
fore qr, ₩ lb .	10 @ 15	loins, ...	15 @ 25
Lard, leaf . . .	13 @ 15	Sweetbreads, 39	@ 50
Tried, ...	13@ 15		

Meats--Salt, Smoked, &c.

Pork, hams, ₩ lb	13 @ 16	Smoked, ea .	87 @ 1 00
Bacon, ₩ lb .	12 @ 15	Sheep do. ₩ doz	@ 50
Shoulders, ₩ lb	10 @ 13	Pigs' feet, ₩ lb	@ 5
Salt, ₩ lb . .	8 @ 10	Sausages, ₩ lb .	10 @ 15
Beef, corned, ₩ lb	9 @ 12	Bologna, ₩ lb .	12 @ 15
Smoked, ₩ lb .	20 @ 25	Tripe, ₩ lb . .	10 @ 15
Tongues, ₩ lb .	13 @ 15		

Poultry and Game.

Chickens, ₩ lb .	20 @ 30	squabs, ₩ pr .	75 @ 1 00
Ducks, choice, lb	25 @ 28	Pigs, sck'g, ea	1 50 @ 3 00
Fowls, ₩ lb . .	18 @ 20	quarters, ₩ lb	10 @ 15
Geese, ₩ lb . .	@ 18	Turkeys,—	
Pigeons, ₩ doz	00 @ 2 50	choice, ₩ lb .	25 @ 30

Fish--Fresh.

Bass, ₩ lb . . .	@ 20	Halibut, ₩ lb . .	@ 15
Bluefish, ₩ lb . .	@ 12	chicken, ₩ lb .	@ 17
Cod, ₩ lb . . .	@ 7	Mackerel, ea .	10 @ 25
pickled, ₩ lb . .	@ 8	Spanish, ₩ lb .	@ 25
tongues, ₩ lb . .	@ 15	Perch, ₩ lb . .	@ 15
cheeks, ₩ lb . .	@ 10	Pickerel, ₩ lb .	@ 15
liver oil, qt . .	@ 40	Trut, salmon, ₩ lb	@ 15
Cusk, ₩ lb . . .	@ 6	Brook, ₩ lb . .	@ 60
Eels, ₩ lb . . .	@ 15	Salmon, lb . . .	@ 35
Flounders, ₩ lb .	@ 8	Sturgeon, lb . .	@ 15
Frogs legs, dz . .	@ 50	Swordfish, ₩ lb .	@ 15
Haddock, ₩ lb . .	@ 7		

Fish--Dry, Smoked, Shell, &c.

Cod, dry, ₩ lb .	8 @ 10	Salt, each . . .	@ 8
Clams, ₩ gall . .	@ 75	Salt, ₩ qt . 3 00	@ 4 00
Crabs, soft shell, dz	1 00	Lobster, ₩ lb . .	@ 12
Green turtle, ₩ lb	@ 20	Oysters—Com.stew	
Halibut, smkd, ₩ lb	@ 17	₩ gall . . 1 00	@ 1 40
Fins, ₩ lb . . .	@ 5	Salmon, smkd lb	20 @ 25
Herrings, do. ₩ dz	@ 20	Sallops, qt . . .	@ 50
Scaled, ₩ box .	@ 35	Soft shell crabs, dz	1 00
Lin'ne neck clams—		Pickled, ₩ lb . .	@ 20
₩ 100	@ 50	Tongues and Sounds—	
Mackerel—		₩ lb	@ 12½

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, August 29, 1883.

There is a fair active business doing in the produce market, and prices are not greatly changed.

Butter.—Receipts of the week 18,766 pkgs and 1339 bxs. Very choice fresh stock is comparatively scarce and the market readily absorbs all arrivals. Prices are firm for all grades, but the market for inferior stock is rather inactive. Quotations are for invoice lots, jobbing prices being 1 to 2 cents ₩ lb higher. We quote choice freshly made Western creamery at 22@23c ₩ lb; good to choice do at 21@22c ₩ lb; Western dairy at 16@17c; finest Canadian do at 12½@15c; fair to good at 13@13c; fresh Northern creamery nominal at 23@24c, fresh New York dairy at 20@21c; do Vermont at 20@21c; Brighton dairy at 22@23c, fair to good at 15@18c.

At St. Albans, on Tuesday the butter market was dull, but not quotably lower. The general price was 19@23c with selections at 24@25c, while fair lots went at 17@18c. The sales of the month were 1100 boxes.

Cheese.—Receipts of the week 6626 boxes and — bbls. There is a steady and moderate demand, and prices have apparently gone about as low as they will be likely to. We quote good to choice Northern at 9@9½c, fancy higher, with best Western at 8½@9c, and the lower grades according to quality.

At Little Falls the sales to the cheese board to-day were 6000 boxes, at a general price of 9½c, although 600 boxes went at 10c. The market was active, and generally higher.

A. Utica, 10,460 boxes cheese were sold at 9@10c, the ruling price being 9½c; 1800 boxes were sold on commission. The market was firm, with an increased demand.

Eggs.—Receipts of the week 3867 boxes and 22 bbls. Prices are a shade lower than last week for all grades, but strictly new-laid stock is scarce and in demand. Sales of fresh Eastern at 23@24c; New York and Vermont at 22c; Northern at 22c; Island, Nova Scotia and New Br

New England Farmer,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

DARLING & KEITH,

34 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, 1st insertion, 12 cts. per line.
Each subsequent insertion, 8 " " "
Business Notices, first " 15 " " "
Each subsequent " 12 " " "
Reading Matter Notices, . . . 50 " " "

Advertisements must be sent in as early in the week on Tuesday, to secure insertion.

Advertisers are charged for the space occupied in solid nonpareil measure.

Transient advertising must be prepaid.

Cuts inserted without extra charge.

No advertisement inserted for less than one dollar.

Special terms for Probate and Farm Advertising.

☞ The above are *net* prices for all advertising less than $100 in amount.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

The following gentlemen, who are authorized Agents for the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, will canvass for subscribers and collections in the following Counties in New England:—

G. W. NYE, ... ESSEX CO., MASS.
FREEMAN ROBBINS, . . . WASHINGTON, VT.
F. W. CHEEVER, ... CALEDONIA CO., VT.
A. W. WINGATE, ... SOMERSET, PISCATAQUIS and PENOBSCOT COS., ME.
LESTER BARNES, ... BRISTOL CO., MS.

Subscribers are requested to forward their subscriptions without waiting for the Agent to call. The date on their label will always show how far they have paid up.

Farmers' Directory.

The Business Houses whose cards appear in this column are among the best and most reliable in the city.

NEW ENGLAND MORTGAGE AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.
DIVIDENDS APRIL AND OCTOBER.
Four per cent. semi-annual dividend declared and payable October 1,
AT ROOM 39, ROGERS' BUILDING, BOSTON, Mass.
A few shares of this desirable stock for sale at par. SETH E. BROWN, C. D. MILES.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
WM. F. BROOKS & CO.
Commission Merchants, and Wholesale Dealers in
FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Beans, Pork, Lard, Poultry, Dried Apples, &c.
Country Consignments Solicited.
98 Blackstone St., under New England House.
WM. F. BROOKS. BOSTON. CHAS. O. BROOKS.

FURNITURE.
Established in 1836.
W. P. B. BROOKS,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE, CARPETINGS,
Stoves, Feathers, Mattresses, Clocks, &c.
151 HANOVER STREET,
14 Blackstone St. BOSTON. 9 Marshall St.

INSURANCE.
Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
CASH FUND, JANUARY 1, 1883, $482,451.87
Surplus over Re-Insurance, ... $271,818.40
Gain in Cash Fund the past year, ... 22,208.97
Gain in Cash Surplus the past year, ... 18,309.66
AND EVERY LOSS PAID IN FULL.
Amount at risk, $26,117,877 00.
Total Liabilities, $190,632.57
Dividends paid on every Expiring Policy 50 per cent. on 5 years, 30 per cent. on 3 years, and 20 per cent. on all others.
ISRAEL W. MUNROE, Pres't and Treas.
CHAS. A. HOWLAND, Sec'y. 17

General Intelligence.

PERSONAL.

"So engrossed was Judge Black's mind," says the Philadelphia *Record*, "during his life with the many duties which such a career as his crowded upon his attention, that he paid little attention to his personal appearance. Unless the fact were forced upon him that his wardrobe needed replenishing he would never notice it. He never ordered a suit himself, and disliked to change an old and comfortable suit for a new and stiff one. His clothes were made by a Philadelphia tailor, who was compelled to resort to strategy to capture the Judge when a measure was to be taken. A member of the family always looked out for those things, and usually the first intimation the Judge would have of a new suit would be when it was sent to him, and further per uasion was needed to make him put it on."

A report says that Mr. Cable, the author of "Grandissimes," is ostracised by the Creole population of New Orleans because of his description of them in his book. A proposition to elect him a member of a leading literary club in that city was considered an affront, and the nomination was unanimously rejected.

Of the original Buchanan Cabinet, Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, is the only survivor, since the death of Judge Black. Of the original Lincoln Cabinet, Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, is the only survivor since the death of Montgomery Blair. The death of Judge Black leaves Judge Agnew the sole ex-Chief Justice of Pennsylvania.

Eben W. Fiske, High Sheriff of Middlesex County, died suddenly from heart disease at his home on Lyman Street, Waltham, early Monday morning, aged nearly sixty-four. He leaves a widow, three sons and one daughter.

Said Emory Storrs in a group of rich men at Saratoga: "You fellows think yourselves highly essential. Have you observed that there are only two rich men of antiquity whose names survive? Cœsus, who served to turn a poet's figure, and Dives, who was fortunately associated with a pauper!" Before the languor following this remark had subsided, Storrs added: "How many as well-known fellows as you were sitting in Athens, once, observing that that obscure cuss, Phidias, was a long time doing that ornamental wook up stairs?"

THE DECADENCE OF STOCK SPECULATION.

The New York *Shipping List* says the marked decrease of speculation in stocks during the last year or two has attracted wide attention and elicited much comment by the press as to the cause. The daily average recorded sales has fallen from about 600,000 to about 100,000 shares and the price of seats in the Stock Exchange has declined from $36,000 to $23,000. A writer in one of the daily journals says "the paralysis in the business of stock speculation is not due to any scarcity of men who would be eager to take a hand in it, but to the general conviction that the chances for success are against them. In thousands of cases men and women know by bitter experience that the dice of the stock market are loaded. The lambs have been shorn so many times during the past few years that stock speculation and the loss of money are synonymous terms. It is true that a falling market is unfortunate to those who speculate on margins, and so it is for those who do actual business in bread stuffs, petroleum, cotton, &c. Nevertheless, the regular traffic in these articles goes on. Stocks are also sold as investments, but these transactions which are likened to games of chance are only a fraction of what they were two years ago. They have fallen off because the dullest operators have finally come to the conclusion that the market is manipulated by a few large holders so that they can reap a rich harvest every time they can get the public to invest. The thousands who have been so ready to speculate have learned that this is the case and they have come to the conclusion to let the business alone and thus save their money. In this fact is found the explanation of the decline in stock speculation during the past year. There are those who regard this falling of the stock business as an indication of the general decline of business. There can be no ground for such an assumption. Between legitimate business, based upon natural supply and demand, and an entirely fictitious speculation, which in plain terms, is a game of chance, there can be no similarity and very remote relation."

EARNINGS AND SAVINGS.—The New York *Shipping List* says: It has been estimated by American statisticians that the earning and savings, or rather that the surplus capital, annually accumulated by the people of the United States may be considered to amount to about $1,000,000,000. The magnitude of this sum is so great as to occasion some doubt as to its accuracy and to inspire an English writer on this subject with the notion that it is a mere guess. Nevertheless, be the sum exaggerated or not, it is admitted on all sides that the country has now become self-supplying in the matter of capital for the development of its resources, and for such improvements as are indispensable to the regular growth of its civilization.

THE peach crop is reported to be very large and the fruit much better in quality than in many years past.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.
1883.

We give below our list of Agricultural Fairs to be held during the coming autumn, as far as we have yet been informed. We desire to include in this list every agricultural or horticultural exhibition in New England, however local it may be, and we would respectfully request our friends, particularly the officers of County and Village Societies, Farmers' Clubs, and all similar associations which intend to hold an exhibition this fall, to notify us of the date and place of such exhibitions as soon as the same are decided upon.

State, Provincial, &c.

American Institute,	New York,	Oct. 3-Nov. 30
American Pomological Society,	Philadelphia, Pa.	Sept. 12-14
Foreign Exhibition,	Boston,	Sept. 3-30
Massachusetts Hort.,	Boston,	Sept. 19-22
Do. do.	do.	Nov. 8-9
Maine,	Lewiston,	Sept. 18-21
N. E. Manufacturers' & Mechanics' Institute,	Boston,	Sept. 5-30
New England,	Manchester, N. H.	Sept. 4-7
New Hampshire,	Manchester,	Sept. 4-7
Vermont,	Burlington,	Sept. 10-14
Rhode Island	Providence,	Sept. 25-28
Connecticut,	Meriden,	Sept. 18-21
New York,	Rochester,	Sept. 10-14
Canada, Dominion,	St. John, N. B.	Oct. 2-5
Ontario,	Guelph,	Sept. 24-29
Nova Scotia,	Truro,	Sept. 25-30

County and Local.

MAINE.

Aroostook,	Houlton,	Sept. 28, 29
Bradford,	Bradford,	Sept. 27
Cumberland Co.,	Portland,	Sept. 11-14
Cumberland Farm. Club,	Cumberland,	Sept. 26, 27
Franklin,	Farmington,	Oct. 9-11
Kennebec,	Readfield Cor.,	Oct. 2-4
Knox, North,	Hope,	Oct. 9-11
Lincoln,	Damariscotta,	Oct. 2-4
Ossipee Valley,	Cornish,	Sept 25-27
Oxford,	Norway,	Oct. 2-4
Oxford, West,	Fryeburg,	Oct. 9-11
Penobscot, North,	Lincoln,	Oct. 3, 4
Penobscot, West,	Exeter,	Sept. 25, 26
Piscataquis, East,	Milo,	Sept. 26, 27
Piscataquis,	Foxcroft,	Oct. 3-5
Sagadahoc,	Topsham,	Oct. 9-11
Somerset Central,	Skowhegan,	Oct. 2-4
Somerset, East,	Hartland,	Sept. 11, 12
Washington, West,	Jonesboro',	Sept. 26 27
York,	Biddeford,	Oct. 10-12

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Belknap Co.,	Laconia,	Sept. 18-20
Bradford & Newbury,	Bradford,	Sept. 20, 21
Coos Co.	Lancaster,	Oct. 2-4
Coos and Essex,	Colebrook,	Sept. 26, 27
Grafton Co.,	Plymouth,	Sept. 25-27
Newport Ag'l & Mech'l Association,	Newport,	Oct. 3
Oak Park Ass'n,	Greenfield,	Sept. 18, 19

VERMONT.

Addison Co.,	Middlebury,	Sept. 3-5
Caledonia Co.,	St. Johnsbury,	Sept. 18-20
Champlain Valley,	Burlington,	Sept. 10-14
Chester,	Chester,	Sept. 11, 12
Dog River Valley,	Northfield,	Sept. 25-27
Franklin Co.	Sheldon,	Aug. 29-31
Lamoille,	Morristown,	Sept. 25-27
Mad River Valley,	Waitsfield,	Sept. 18, 19
Orange Co.,	Bradford,	Sept. 25-27
Patron's Ag'l Society,	Proctorsville,	Sept. 26
Pompanoosuc Valley,	Post Mills,	Sept. 18-20
Poultney,	Poultney,	Sept. 18-20
Rutland Co.,	Rutland,	Sept. 5-7
Union Exhib'n Soc'y,	St. Albans,	Sept. 5-7
White River,	Bethel,	Sept. 19, 20
Windham Co.,	Fayetteville,	Sept. 19, 20
World's,	Tunbridge,	Oct. 2-4

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury & Salisbury, Newburyport,		Oct. 2, 3
Attleboro' Farmers and Mechanics,	Attleboro',	Oct. 2-4
Barnstable,	Barnstable,	Sept. 25, 26
Belchertown,	Belchertown,	Oct. 10
Berkshire Farm. Club,	Berlin,	Sept. 28
Berkshire,	Pittsfield,	Oct. 2-4
Bristol,	Taunton,	Sept. 25-27
Brockton,	Brockton,	Oct. 3-6
Deerfield Valley,	Charlemont,	Sept. 20, 21
Essex,	Salem,	Sept. 25, 26
Franklin,	Greenfield,	Sept. 27, 28
Grafton Farm. Club,	Grafton,	Sept. 13
Hampden,	Chicopee,	Sept. 25-27
Hampden East,	Palmer,	Sept. 18, 19
Hampshire,	Amherst,	Sept. 20, 21
Hampshire, Franklin, &c.,	Northampton,	Oct. 3-5
Highland,	Middlefield,	Sept. 13, 14
Hingham,	Hingham,	Sept. 25, 26
Hoosac Valley,	North Adams,	Sept. 18, 19
Housatonic,	Gt. Barrington,	Sept. 26-28
Lancaster Farm. Club,	Lancaster,	Sept. 26
Leominster,	Leominster,	Sept. 20
Marshfield,	Marshfield,	Sept. 12-14
Martha's Vineyard,	West Tisbury,	Oct. 2, 3
Middlesex,	Concord,	Sept. 25-27
Middlesex, North,	Lowell,	Sept. 25, 26
Middlesex, South,	Framingham,	Sept. 18, 19
Nantucket,	Nantucket,	Sept. 5, 6
North Brookfield Farmers Club,	North Brookfield,	Sept. 11
Oakham Farm. Club,	Oakham,	Sept. 12
Plymouth,	Plymouth,	Sept. 19-21
Union,	Blandford,	Sept. 19-21
Westminster Fm. Club,	Westminster,	Sept. 21
Worcester,	Worcester,	Sept. 20, 21
Worcester, North,	Fitchburg,	Sept. 25, 26
Worcester, Northwest,	Athol,	Oct. 2, 3
Worcester South,	Sturbridge,	Sept. 11, 12
Worcester, West,	Barre,	Sept. 27, 28
Westboro Ag'l Soc'y,	Westboro,	Sept. 27

RHODE ISLAND.

Washington,	West Kingston,	Sept. 18-20
Woonsocket,	Woonsocket,	Sept. 18-20

CONNECTICUT.

Chester,	Chester,	Sept. 26
Clinton,	Clinton,	Oct. 3
Danbury,	Danbury,	Oct. 1-6
Fairfield Co.,	Norwalk,	Sept. 11, 12
Farmington Valley,	Cherry Park,	Sept. 25, 26
Guilford,	Guilford,	Sept. 25
Killingworth,	Killingworth,	Sept. 27
Milford and Orange,	Milford,	Sept. 18, 19
New London Co.,	Norwich,	Sept. 25-27
New Milford,	New Milford,	Sept. 27-29
Simsbury,	Simsbury,	Oct. 3, 4
Southington,	Southington,	Oct. 9-11
Tolland Co., East,	Stafford Springs,	Oct. 10, 11
Union (Monroe, &c.),	Huntington,	Sept. 19-21
Watertown,	Watertown,	Sept. 25-27
Westbrook,	Westbrook,	Oct. 10
Willimantic Far. Club,	Willimantic,	Oct. 2-4
Windham Co.,	Brooklyn,	Sept. 18-20
Woodbridge and Bethany,	Woodbridge,	Sept. 3, 4
Woodbury,	Woodbury,	Sept. 12, 13
Woodstock,	Woodstock,	Sept. 26-27

"WE know Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator will cure Heart Disease. 30 years use and many persons of prominence testifying prove it.—*Readville Press.*" $1 per bottle at druggists.

THE banana has long been regarded as extremely nutritious. It is recommended above all others for invalids who are unable to swallow hardier food. An estimate by Humboldt claims that 44,000 pounds of bananas can be produced on the soil that would be required for 1000 pounds of potatoes, and that the same area that would be required to raise wheat enough for one man would produce enough bananas to feed twenty-five men.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla gives an appetite and imparts new life and energy to all the functions of the body. Try a bottle and realize it.

AN energetic resident of Wilmington, N. C., has a floating sawmill on the Cape Fear river. He manufactures boxes and half-finished shoe lasts. Of the latter he has already shipped fifty thousand to the north.

MR. E. G. REED, of Boston, Mass., says: "One of my horses had *Fistulous Withers*, the ulcer being very large and deep. Ellis's Spavin Cure has cured him."

THE Charlestown *News and Courier* says: "Naturalists and hunters predict an early fall this year. It is said that several species of migratory birds, which usually pass through this section on their way south about the middle of September, have been killed in the autumn and on the Islands, being a month in advance of their usual time. The large congregation of swallows, too, is pointed out as another indication of the approach of the fall season."

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IN EPILEPSY.—"I prescribe it in my practice," is the expression used by Dr. J. A. Palmore, of Riley, Ind. He referred to *Samaritan Nervine*, and further along says: "It cures epileptic fits."

THERE are at present four large and about a dozen small companies in California engaged in the distillation of borax, of which about 3000 tons are annually produced. The borax fields are nearly 300 miles from railroad, and great expectations are entertained of the yield when the iron horse penetrates that section of the country.

THE *Hop Plasters* have a wonderful sale, and why! Because they cure Back Ache, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Side and all Soreness in any part. People appreciate them. Any druggist, 25 cts.

THE apple crop of Kansas is so large this season that it is expected to yield more bushels than ever before, despite the destruction caused by wind and hail storms. On a single twig, about nine inches long, recently nineteen apples were counted.

VEGETINE.—This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks, that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it.

BEATTY'S ORGANS for $35.00.—Special attention is called to Mayor Beatty's Parlor Organ advertisement in another column. Any of our readers who are in want of a Cabinet Organ at a reduced price should order at once from the advertisement, as the time is limited to only seven days from date of this paper.

BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES.—All lovers of Choice Flowers should send to the Dingee & Conard Co., West Grove, Pa., for some of their lovely roses. These roses are certain to bloom, and are the finest in the world. They are sent safely by mail, post-paid, to all post offices in the United States. This company is perfectly reliable, and noted for liberal dealing. They *give away* in Premiums and Extras more Roses than most establishments grow. Send for their *New Guide*, a complete treatise on the Rose (70 pages, elegantly illustrated,) *free. See advertisement in this paper.*

IN THE MEDICINE BOW RANGE.

About forty miles westward of Laramie City, a station on the Union Pacific railroad in Wyoming, is a high range of snow-capped mountains, writes a correspondent of the *New York Sun*. They are the Medicine Bow range of the Rocky Mountains. On clear days a pass can be seen that leads through the snow-clad peaks. This is the gap of the Medicine Bow. The foothills of this range are heavily timbered with Rocky Mountain pines, interspersed, in damp places, by clumps of spruce. All the turbulent streams that drain these hills are beaded with parks that lie along their course at short intervals; and they are also fringed with willow bushes. There are two roads that lead from the plains to abandoned mining camps that lie far below the snow line in this range, and one road that crosses the southern foothills of this range to the North Platte river. Over this latter road provisions were hauled to the tie camps on French creek in the early days of the Union Pacific railroad. These roads are now encumbered by windfalls. They are no longer practicable highways. In addition to these disused roads there are a few pack trails, also log-encumbered, leading from the low lands to exhausted placer mines. Westward from the range lies the valley of the North Platte, a famous hunting ground; eastward lies the Laramie plains, southward the valley of the Big Laramie river. The southwestern extremity of the range abuts against the North Park. The area of the Medicine Bow Mountains is about 1000 square miles. There is pure, cold water everywhere in these hills, water that gushes from granite rocks. So pure, soft and agreeable to the palate is this water that I never drink tea or coffee while in these highlands. The air is always frosty o' mornings in these highlands. Sleeping with open windows, you wake up instantly with all your faculties alert. It is not the land of cat-naps. Years ago forest fires raged over the outer foothills, and from this encircling arm of fire long fringes extended far into the mountains. The law of nature is that on ground where Rocky Mountain pines have been killed by fire no trees shall grow for many years. The trees that were killed many years ago fell in a tangled mat before the strong winds that swept down from the snow-clad peaks. This belt of "down" timber is about two miles wide, and very nearly encircles the entire mountain range. A thicket of young pines, varying in height from six to twenty feet is now growing on the log-encumbered ground. The red fingers of fire that once stretched forth from the arm far into the mountains, are also long and thicket-encumbered. The first eastern foothills, that rise wall-like from the plains, are comparatively bare of timber and are grass-covered. From the crest of these hills to the snow line all the hills, flats and valleys are heavily timbered. The western foothills that abut against the North Platte river are exceedingly rugged. The same is true of the cross divides on the Western slope. The "down" timber covers thousands of acres. The western slope is much longer, and much more abrupt, than the eastern. The western hills are bare and grass-covered for four miles back from the river. The creeks flow through canons. There are but few settlers in the upper North Platte valley. The country is practically a pasture for antelope, deer and elk. Antelope, in herds of hundreds, are always feeding in the valley. In the winter the deer and elk leave the mountains, having been driven out by the snow, and they feed in herds on the bare foothills and in the valley. But in the summer the elk and deer are in the wooded highlands. The difficulty of getting into the mountains, and, when once in, of being able to travel freely after the animals, has preserved the game.

THE FALL SHOOTING IN MAINE,

Sportsmen are waiting and working and watching for the opening day, says the Lewiston *Journal*. September comes in next Saturday, and the crack of the shot gun will replace the twitter of the robin and the drum of the partridge. There never was a keener lot of sportsmen waiting than there is this season. The gun trade has been immensely stimulated. We called at a gunshop Saturday morning, and found more ammunition had been sold this season, so far, than last, and that particularly the trade in shells had been greatly increased over last year. The past month has in nowise impoverished the outlook for fine shooting. The law that comes off next Saturday affects woodcock, snipe, duck, partridge and quail. The law on Messina quail, it will be remembered, was continuous for three years. It was in 1880 that the quail were liberated in this State, and none were to be shot before September, 1883. We met one sportsman this morning, who knew where there are two broods; under the strict seal of confidence he divulged the spot. He said that he had seen them and watched for a month. He heard the "Bob White" and the call in early summer, almost with the apple blossoms, and had grown familiar with them, and wouldn't harm one for all the birds in New England. It isn't likely that a single genuine sportsman in the State would shoot the quail to any extent this fall, even if they could be found in plenty. It is not thought unlikely that the birds may do better in this State than was at first thought. Only about 800 were liberated. Partridges havn't been reported so plenty for years. Bush shooting of all kinds will be good. The woodcock has been in some measure, it is said, driven to the low land by the drought. There will be a tremendous getting ready next week. Birds are reported as scarce in some of the best shooting grounds in Sagadahoc county.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY. — The display of flowers and fruits at Horticultural Hall last Saturday, was of the usual interest and variety. F. B. Hayes showed an attractive collection of roses and pompons, and John C. Hovey presented a valuable addition to our hardy flowers in the specimens of Amaryllis Halli, which he exhibited. The display of ten varieties of grapes by J. S. Farlow, has hardly ever been surpassed in the records of this Society. Good specimens of the Early Orange variety of sweet corn, originated by N. B. White, attracted attention as being only seventy-four days from the planting, and giving promise of good results in this line. Prizes were awarded as follows:

Asters. — Large flowered, E. Sheppard, Francis B. Hayes, M. B. Faxon; Victoria, or rose flowered, John L. Gardner, James Nugent, Mrs. E. M. Gill; pompon, Francis B. Hayes; basket of flowers, Mrs. E. S. Joyce; herbaceous plants, Mrs. L. P. Weston. Pears—Bartlett, Mrs. Mary Langmaid, Charles L. Fowle; Rosticzer, M. W. Chadbourne, Horace Eaton; Tyson, A. T. McIntosh, Samuel McIntosh; Ananas, Warren Fenno, Horace Eaton. A silver medal was awarded to J. S. Farlow for ten varieties of foreign grapes. Potatoes, John Cummings, Samuel Hartwell; beans, Benjamin G. Smith, C. E. Grant; peppers, Warren Heustis, Horace Eaton.

"DRAGGING PAINS."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife had suffered with "female weaknesses" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc.,
A. J. HUYCK, Deposit, N. Y.

The World Abroad.

SUMMARY OF LATEST FOREIGN DISPATCHES.

Great Britain.

Parliament was prorogued on Saturday the 25th. The Queen's speech was read by royal commission. Her Majesty declares that the harmony of the relations between Great Britain and other countries remains undisturbed, but South African affairs, both in Zululand and in the Transvaal are not satisfactory. With regard to domestic affairs, the condition of the agricultural class shows some improvement, and the general state of trade and industry is sound. Ireland is in a more satisfactory condition, and there is a marked diminution in agrarian outrages. The acts securing compensation to improving occupiers of land in England and Scotland will tend to promote confidence between the classes affected, and a more vigorous prosecution of the great business of agriculture, and the law relating to corrupt practices at elections will extinguish political corruption and secure a more efficient representation of all classes.

The last act of the House of Lords previous to the prorogation, was to give a reluctant consent to the passage of the agricultural holdings bill.

At a conference of the Irish members of Parliament, held last Sunday night, a programme was prepared for the convention of the Irish National League of Great Britain, announced to be held at Leeds on September 27. The programme demands self government for Ireland and direct representation of the Irish laboring class in Parliament.

Rioting between Orangemen and Catholics at Coatsbridge, Scotland, was renewed on Saturday. Twenty-two persons were arrested.

The steamer Woodburn came into collision with the French steamer St. Germain off Eddystone light, in the British Channel, on Sunday and immediately sank. Eighteen of her crew were drowned.

The *Times* says the release of Mr. Shaw, the British missionary in the Madagascar, who was taken prisoner by the French, settles the Tamatave difficulty, which never should have arisen. The *Times* also says that France is really athirst for peace, and that the article of the North German *Gazette* attacking her was a wanton aggression.

O'Donnell, who killed James Carey, the Irish informer, will be tried in England on the 4th proximo.

France.

The Count de Chambord, or Henry V of France as his adherents styled him, died at Frohsdorf, Austria, on Friday at the age of 63 years. His death leaves the Count de Paris the representative of both the Bourbon and Orleans claim to the throne of France. His will, which was opened the next day said nothing as to his political wishes. He left a large legacy to the Pope. His Holiness has telegraphed to the family his condolences, and Emperor William of Germany, and other European Sovereigns have sent autograph letters of condolence. The Austrian Court goes into mourning for a week, and the French royalists will show their grief by going into mourning for six months. The funeral, which is to take place on Monday will be the occasion of a grand legitimist demonstration. The coffin will be made of glass, and the hearse will be drawn by six white horses. All the members of the Bourbon and Orleans branches of the late count's party will be in attendance.

Placards have appeared in various quarters of Paris on Tuesday, inviting the citizens to rally to the support of the monarchy under the Count de Paris as Louis Philippe II. The placards were torn down by the police. It is rumored also that Prince Jerome Napoleon intends to publish a manifesto, to be issued coincident with the funeral of the Count de Chambord.

A grand fete was given on Sunday in the Tuileries gardens, under the auspices of the press of Paris, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the aid of the sufferers by the recent earthquake on the Island of Ischia. The receipts amounted to 300,000f. There was an immense attendance.

Trade riots between Frenchmen and Italians broke out at Besancon on Monday. A number of shots were exchanged. Fifty Italians were arrested.

Some excitement is caused at Paris, and indeed throughout Europe, by a series of articles published in the *North German Gazette* at Berlin, and supposed to be inspired by Bismarck, declaring France to be the sole enemy to the peace of Europe. The *London Times* says that the article has startled Paris, alarmed Europe, and caused prices on the bourses of Paris, Vienna and Berlin to fall. The press everywhere express surprise at the *Gazette's* attack on France, and wonder what its object is. The French papers repel the charges contained in the article, and intimate that France is better prepared now to say that Prince Bismarck is seeking a pretext for a quarrel or for the imposition of fresh army burdens.

The French forces in Tonquin have bombarded and captured the forts and batteries at the mouth of the Hue river, after a brilliant land attack. The operations occurred on the 18th, 19th and 20th ult. Seven hundred Annamites were killed during the engagement. The only casualties suffered by the French were several men slightly wounded. The gun-boats Vipere and Lynx have entered the Thuan passage. The French admiral has granted a truce, and the Emperor of Annam has expressed a willingness to settle the existing difficulties on terms dictated by France, such as paying the costs of the war thus far, surrendering the forts on the Hue river pending payment.

The situation in Madagascar remains unchanged. Admiral Pierre, the French commander, has restored to the foreign consuls power to exercise the functions of their offices. The trial of Mr. Shaw, the English missionary, who was arrested by the French, has resulted in the dismissal of the charges against him, and he has therefore been liberated, and has arrived at the island of Reunion.

Spain.

Prime Minister Sagasta on Tuesday tendered to King Alfonso the resignation of the ministry. The prime minister informed the King of the divergence of opinion in the cabinet relative to the suspension of constitutional guarantees, the King's proposed visit to Germany, and certain army measures proposed by the minister of war, who had expressed a wish to resign. The King, deeming it unnecessary to hasten the crisis, postponed his final resolution concerning the ministry until he returned from Corunna. Nothing has been decided upon in regard to the King's proposed visit to Germany.

General Items.

The Hungarian wheat crop is estimated at a full average, and the Austrian crop at 15 per cent below the average.

Advices from Ekaterinoslav, Russia, the scene of the recent riots against the Jews, say that 346 houses were wrecked and plundered during the progress of the riots, and that the losses sustained by Jews are estimated at 611,000 roubles.

Violent riots against the Jews occurred at Egerszeg, Hungary, on last Friday and Saturday nights. Two thousand peasants took part in the outbreak. They wrecked all the houses and shops of Jews in the place, and shouted: "Murder all the Jews." Troops were called out, but were unable to suppress the violence of the mob until they were reinforced.

It is reported that Henry M. Stanley has closed the Upper Congo to commerce. The King of Dahomey has liberated the garrison of the Portuguese Fort Whydah, on condition that the place shall not be ceded to England.

A large body of Indians in the neighborhood of Lima, Peru, having threatened to sack that city and punish the peace party, the Chilian chief attacked and quickly defeated them on the 15th inst. The Chilian loss was insignificant.

In consequence of the rebellion in Hayti, the ports of Jacmel, Jeremie and Miragoane have been closed to foreign commerce. President Salomon has announced his determination of pursuing the rebels with greater vigor than ever. A battle was fought before Jacmel, Aug. 3d, the insurgents claiming a great victor for their arms.

Business Notices.

Tired Feeling.

A lady tells us "the first bottle has done my daughter a great deal of good; her food does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from that *extreme tired feeling* which she did before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." A second bottle effected a cure. No other preparation contains such a concentration of vitalizing, enriching, purifying, and invigorating properties as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it. C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED.

In Hyde Park, Aug. 21, by Rev. Mr. Wagner, Milton A. Kent to Mrs. Annie J. Webb.
In Somerville, Aug. 22, by Rev. George W. Durell, Alfred I. Wagstaff to Mary Wyth.
In Sandwich, Aug. 23, by Rev. M. S. Brown, Rev. Edwin H. Dickinson to Miss Abbie Gibbs, daughter of Mr. Ezra T. Pope.
In Newburyport, Aug. 21, by Rev. D. P. Pike, Mr. Albert W. Hopkinson to Miss Laura F. Waldron.
Aug. 22, by Rev. D. P. Pike, Sumner B. Tobey to Miss Lucie L. Fowler.
In Belfast, Me., Aug. 19, by Rev. W. Henry Williams, Austin A. Greer of Somerville, Mass., to Phelia E. Donnell of Belmont, Me.

DIED.

In Roxbury, Aug. 23, Joseph G. Torrey, formerly of Bath, Me., 85 yrs.
In South Boston, Aug. 22, Annie B. Clarkson, 91 yrs.
In Charlestown, Aug. 20, Mrs. Mary Reade, 80 yrs.
In Somerville, Aug. 25, Lorenzo D. Mitchell, 74 yrs.
In Chelsea, Aug. 21, Jesse Briggs, 80 yrs. Aug. 22, Mrs. Charlotte R., widow of the late John Parker of Hartford, Conn., 80 yrs.
In Chelsea, Mass. Aug. 25, Mrs. T. D. Basford, 50 yrs 6 mos.
In Medford, Aug. 22, Elizabeth P., wife of B. F. Sawyer, 72 yrs. 7 mos.
In Attleboro, Aug. 21, Otis T. Stanley, 70 yrs.
In Newburyport, Aug. 20, Edward Kimball, 77 yrs. 6 mos.
In Groveland, Aug. 20, Joseph Lunt, formerly of Newburyport, 73 yrs.
In Gloucester, Aug. 21, Mrs. Rachel Dolliver Stevens, 97 yrs. 6 mos.
In Newton, Aug. 16, Mrs. Mary Colburn, 78 yrs. 8 mos.
In Melrose, Aug. 18, Gen. Joseph F. Boyd, 79 yrs.
In New Bedford, Aug. 23, Sarah Congdon, 84 yrs.
In Nantucket, Aug. 17, Capt. John C. Rock, 70 yrs.
In Stonington, Ct., Aug. 23, John A. Burnham, 70 yrs.
In Chatham, N. Y., Aug. 20, Rev. Samuel Utley, 86 yrs., formerly of Concord, N. H.

☞ *Persons ordering articles advertised in our columns, will please say that they saw the advertisement in the NEW ENGLAND FARMER.*

New Advertisements.

SOLUBLE
Pacific Guano.
Yearly Sales
50,000 Tons.

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For sale by our agents throughout the United States. Pamphlets containing testimonials and directions forwarded free.
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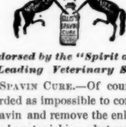

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Poetry.

From the September Century.

IN SWIMMING-TIME.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Clouds above, as white as wool,
Drifting o'er the sky as blue
As the eyes of beautiful
Children when they smile at you;
Groves of maple, elm and beech,
With the sunshine sifted through
Branches, mingling each with each,
Dim with shade and bright with dew;
Stripling trees and poplars hoar,
Hickory and sycamore,
And the drowsy dogwood bowed
Where the ripples laugh aloud,
And the crooning creek is stirred
To a gayety that now
Mates the warbles of the bird
Teetering on the hazel-bough;
Grasses long and fine and fair
As your school-boy sweetheart's hair,
Backward ronched and twirled and twined
By the fingers of the wind;
Vines and mosses interlinked
Down dark aisles and deep ravines,
Where the streams run, willow brinked,
Round a bend where some one leans
Faint and vague and indistinct
As the like reflected thing
In the current shimmering.
Childish voices farther on,
Where the truant streams have gone,
Vex the echoes of the wood
Till no word is understood,
Save that one is well aware
Happiness is lurking there.
There, in leafy coverts, made
Little bodies poise and leap,
Scattering the solitude
And the silence everywhere—
Mimic monsters of the deep!
Wallowing in sandy shoals—
Plunging headlong out of sight;
And, with spurtings of delight,
Clutching hands and slippery soles,
Climbing up the treacherous steep
Over which the spring-board spurns
Each again as he returns.
Ah! the glorious carnival!
Purple lips and chattering teeth—
Eyes that burn—but, in beneath,
Every care beyond recall,
Every task forgotten quite—
And again, in dreams at night,
Dropping, drifting through it all!

The Story Teller.

From London Temple Bar.

HALLUCINATION.

The masters of Penny Royal school were a very jolly set of young fellows in the particular year when Septimus Lacy joined the community. There were eight or ten of them, all men in their early prime, fresh from college, wearing the bloom of their honors gayly; strong, vigorous, athletic fellows, for the most part accustomed to work, and as ready for play as if they had still been among the boys that swarmed into the cricket field when school was up and the matches on. Septimus Lacy—a grave, sensible young man of twenty-three or twenty-four years, brought his sister with him, and took a quiet lodging of three rooms in the High street of Penny Royal.

Miss Lacy was several years older than her brother, and had already acquired the formed manner and easy bearing of a well-educated woman of the world. Though not regularly handsome, there was some distinction in her figure, which was liberally molded, and graceful in action or in repose. She carried her head well, and had the free, gliding motion proper to a person well proportioned and sensibly clad. Her dress, never remarkable, was always in fine taste—her gowns fitted to perfection—she did not tight-lace. No high-heeled shoe or tight boot cramped her action in walking. Her complexion was clear and good, with a disposition to freckles in the summer time; her hair, a shade of ruddy brown, lay plentifully about a low, broad brow, betokening thought, and the same color haunted her brown, sun-freckled eyes. She had a way of partly closing them when talking, which made some people nervous, and her conversation was agreeable, particularly to men. It was easy, suggestive, animated, and there was a peculiar tone in her voice that was very attractive. Miss Lacy was a musician, and the fine instrument in her room enabled her to exercise her charming accomplishment on favorable terms. Very pleasant evenings were passed there in a nice, informal way. Friends would drop in to talk or to play a rubber. Miss Lacy would sometimes take a hand, or more frequently discourse soft music in a soliloquizing way, which disturbed nobody, and delighted appreciative ears. Young Derwent Percival would loll back in a low chair, listening silently, and musing on scenes that somehow came back to him from the past, with the sound of the weird things she played. Her long fingers would wander about the keys in a vagrant fashion, now twining through an arabesque, then skipping through the mazes of some wild Hungarian melody, which made his heart throb excitedly, and a strange craving to dance come over him. Then a grave, sighing andante from some ancient master, would hush and lull his soul to silence, and bring to him, as he sat there, the singing of the river in his father's garden, as it sang in the days when he lay by its margin conning his Cæsar or devouring a romance. And through all came the voices of the whist players, as the rubber was lost or won. The queen of hearts would win her trick to the solemn measure of a funeral march, and a gay troubadour's ditty celebrate the revoke of Tom Brown, who had an evil trick of revoking, and always declared Miss Lacy's music tripped up his wits and led him astray. Then the party would break up with laughter and a glass of beer, and Derwent Percival would say, with his eyes cast down, for he was a shy man:

"Thank you, Miss Lacy. It's quite wonderful, the effect of your playing. It sets me dreaming all sorts of old things."

He was a big, handsome young fellow, this Percival—Miss Lacy thought the handsomest man she had ever seen. She would steal a glance at him out of the corners of her half-closed eyes, as she sat playing. Once he met it, and blushed horribly. A woman's eye always discomfited him. There was a girl in a country parish fifty miles away, whose soft fair face dwelt in his heart, and kept it fresh and pure with her innocent gaze, which yet abashed him when he was beside her. He had never dared to meet full, and tell sweet Frances Lorrimer that the one hope of his life had grown round a vision of those blue eyes of hers, smiling kindly into his. As Miss Lacy softly touched her chords, he lay wondering if ever he should kiss that fair face of his dream, and call her by name, and touch her hand, and know it was her own. Miss Lacy little knew the apparitions she evoked with her spells. They did not reveal themselves to her. Only the ass saw the angel of the Lord, as he stood in the way.

The other young men were not slow to note the fascination of Miss Lacy's piano, and rallied Percival unmercifully.

"Pooh! what fellows you are!" he would cry, good-natured enough. No one could offend Percival. But Miss Lacy was not of so easy a temper. It annoyed her excessively to detect furtive smiles on several faces, when she passed the young master in the schoolcourt on her way to chapel of a Sunday morning. Old Mr. Scattherd was intolerable, with his roguish eye always on the watch for something to feed his sense of the humorous. How wicked he looked, and how absurdly shy Percival was for a man of his standing! Some men were, and could not help it; the best of men, often. He would shake it off under the influence of a sensible woman. The next vacant boarding-house was promised to Percival. He would have to marry. Miss Lacy liked boys, and was easily at home with them. A home of her own would be very convenient to her, for Septimus was going to be married, and then she should be very lonely, and not too well off. She was a sociable woman, and liked the prospect of a lone maiden life in a lodging-house but little. Nothing would be more suitable than a proposal from Derwent Percival. He was perhaps a year or two younger than herself, but would doubtless see the inexpediency of asking a young, giddy girl to be mistress of a household of schoolboys.

When the mind of a man or woman is possessed of a fixed idea, it is astonishing how soon all accidental surroundings accommodate themselves to the situation devised by fancy. Mr. Percival became Miss Lacy's fixed idea. She arranged herself, so to speak, mentally and bodily—postured befittingly. But all this in secret; no whisper, no blush, no girlish airs, no murmured confidence, even in the ear of her chief woman friend—perhaps her only woman friend—Mrs. Urquhart—loyal, unconditional, warm-hearted, hot-tempered, out-spoken little Mrs. Urquhart, who never watched or suspected anybody, and for all her sharp tongue, had a sweet, disarming trustfulness and honorableness, rare in women.

Now, as Miss Lacy sat at home one afternoon, reviewing her position, in her easy way, with small, luxurious surroundings, denoting the temperament and style of the woman—the new *Saturday Review* in her hand, and a great saucer of roses at her elbow, while her shapely foot, in a black silk stocking and dainty slipper, rested in the warm fur of a huge Persian cat, curled up like a footstool—there came a knock at the door, and Mr. Percival put in his handsome head.

"Oh, Miss Lacy, excuse me; I thought your brother was here, and I want— But I won't disturb you—any time will do."

"Pray come in, Mr. Percival," said she, in the quiet, pleasant, reassuring way, that always put him at his ease, and drove all memory of his friends' jokes out of his head. She rose to greet him: "What do you want? I want somebody to talk to, so don't be afraid of disturbing me; I'm perfectly idle this morning."

There was a delightful air of the *dolce far niente* about Miss Lacy and her sitting-room. Mr. Percival found a comfortable chair so close at hand that he had simply to sit down in it. He sat down, and felt very much at home.

"It was only the second volume of Froude, Miss Lacy, which I was going to borrow for half an hour."

She picked a large rosebud out of the saucer, and tossed it to him lightly.

"The sweetest of all roses," cried she. "'La France.' Will that do, instead?"

What made her say that? How could she tell? How could she guess? Of course it was accidental, yet it was the name of the woman he loved. Frances Lorrimer was always "France," to those who loved her. He smelt the rose, and owned that it was sweet. And he felt very kindly to Septimus Lacy's sister, at that moment. What clever creatures women were, to be sure, he mused—how fresh, and sweet, and orderly the rooms they inhabited! He leaned forward and began to chat, pleasantly.

"I have often thought, lately, that I should like to ask you a question, Miss Lacy," said he, "you are always so kind and indulgent to me! I wish I had the courage to do it now," he continued, beginning to blush and to stutter, and vigorously smelling his rose.

"Take courage," she said very softly, looking at him with half closed eyes.

"You are so sympathetic, you see, and so clever, and so——"

He paused, looking up to see if she were laughing at him. But no; her face only wore a look of half maternal interest.

"I know so little of the ways of ladies," he said, "that I am always afraid of putting my foot into it; but I do believe that you would help a poor blundering fellow out. You see, Miss Lacy, I've something on my mind."

"Yes?" she said, quietly interrogative.

"I suppose I shall have to set up my house, presently," he went on; "a terrible undertaking for a bachelor."

"Well," she said, encouragingly, "there's a ready remedy."

His face brightened, but then he shook his head.

"Now, do you think, do you really think," said he, "that I might venture to think of asking a lady, clever and awfully pretty," (he was looking down, now, and lost a flitting expression in his companion's face, which beautified it wonderfully.) "It's so much trouble for a lady, you see."

"Trouble?" said Miss Lacy. "Dear me, no. You are too modest, Mr. Percival. The right sort of a lady will not mind the trouble."

He rose uneasily, and came nearer. Her heart beat a little quicker than usual.

"Well, perhaps not, if I only knew how to put it to her! It isn't every lady who would care to share——"

"Well," said Miss Lacy, "you can only find out by asking her."

"To be sure; and if you think, Miss Lacy—you who know the place and the people, and the kind of life, and all that."

She had pillowed her cheek on her hand, and was watching him with a curious tenderness.

"I think the woman would be a goose, that refused you," she said; and then the door opened, and Septimus came in, in his lost, dreamy way, and said:

"Hello, Percival, I've been hunting for you. I've just left that book in your room—Froude, you know. What do you say to a walk over to King's Comet? We could do it by six, easily."

"To be sure, with pleasure," said Percival, rising; and in three minutes they were gone, and Miss Lacy had not heard the word she was waiting for.

She frowned, and tapped her foot impatiently. "He will come back," she said to herself, "or he will write," and went to the window and looked out, dreaming. "What a boy he is! What a dear, engaging, simple-hearted boy! Oh, he must come back to-morrow, and perhaps to-night." She crossed into her bed-room, and sat down before the mirror. "You will be a very happy woman, after all," she said, nodding to her own reflection.

But Percival did not come back, and he never wrote. When he returned from his walk, he found a telegram summoning him to his mother. She was dying, and he started off by the night train to London.

II.

The Easter holidays came on, and Penny Royal was deserted by that part of its population that hung about and around the school. Boys went home, and masters a-travelling. Septimus married, and made for Italy. Mrs. Urquhart departed for a seaside cottage at Sanneton, where she spent a large part of every year. And Miss Lacy, after paying a few visits, returned rather sadly to Penny Royal, and took a tiny lodging, just large enough for herself and her piano. Her position was not nearly so pleasant as it had been before. She missed the lively, informal entrances and exits of her brother's rooms. She seldom met Mr. Percival, and almost fancied he avoided her; and just at this time her small income was reduced by the failure of an unlucky investment. She bethought her of Mrs. Urquhart, and craved the comfort of her dreary mental desert dispiritedly:

"Find me some work if you can. I am lonely, out of spirits, and out of pocket. You know what I can do, and I feel I should like for a while to leave Penny Royal."

Mrs. Urquhart at once bestirred herself, as a friend should, and devised a scheme of relief. Half a dozen pupils were gathered together, out of the homesteads of Sanneton, cozy rooms were taken, and Miss Lacy arrived with her music books and French grammars, one lovely spring evening, on the top of the Sanneton coach, comfortably wrapped in a fur cloak, and alighted at the inn door, where her friend waited to welcome her. She never forgot the drive that day, over hill and down dale. Memory stored up every incident for future years. The few hours she sat perched up aloft, speeding along through the life-breathing air of the moorland, onward through a panorama incessantly changing, the musical trot of the horses' feet beating time upon the white, quiet road, which wound along the sides of hills where browsing sheep lifted up weird faces to note the intruders upon their quietude—the brawl of streamlets, through green, sequestered valleys, where here and there a heron stood feeding; and at last the sea, which lay beneath and around, as they climbed the crest of the last steep hill, toward whose softly heaving bosom they descended, as evening closed in—all this dwelt with her forever. She inhaled it like some fragrant-bitter essence, whose odors permeated mind and brain, and mingled there with the disappointments, and hopes and fears that clustered about her heart.

The coach was full that day. Old Sir Joseph Osborne was inside, with his rugs and his crutches, and his man, and his bag of dry biscuits, and his gouty leg; and a new-married couple, not yet awakened from love's first dream, who cooed together on the roof softly all the way; and four young lads and their tutor, innocently planning their six hours a day with the classics in peace and fresh air, and destined to find there a spell more potent than those ancient ones could wield, in the real presentment of the things they imaged; for here

"The working seas advance to wash the shore,
Soft whispers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whistle to the murmuring floods."

Will the boys sit poring over books, when the trout is leaping in the river, and the sea rolling in gloriously upon the beach in the beams of the morning sun? Shut Virgil up, pitch old Stubbs into the corner, and out into the world that is all alive with the awakening spring:

"On the green turf your careless limbs display,
And celebrate the Mighty Mother's Day."

Mrs Urquhart cheered up her friend and drove away the pupils from their lessons in her own imperious fashion when the morning came that everyone must bathe or climb a hill or run down the beach to see the tide come in. Who ever worked hard at Sanneton? She knew everybody and carried her friend everywhere, and here Miss Lacy regained that agreeable consciousness that she was not left outside the world she lived in, d lefulest sensation in this world to flesh and blood.

A trifling adventure that occured in one of their rambles set the indicator to "change," and turned the current of Miss Lacy's fortunes into their predestined channel. Mrs. Urquhart, stumbling over an unlucky loop in a bramble vine, fell and dislocated her ankle, three miles from home or any human habitation or help save Miss Lacy's presence and ready wits. Sir Joseph Osborne, driving that afternoon through the valley, very dull and cross in spite of the sunshine and wooing breeze, swearing at the hills and vowing he would go to Malvern in the morning, beheld the handsome, brown-eyed woman he knew by sight approaching his carriage door.

"Sir Joseph," she said, in her clear, quiet way, "I have Mrs. Urquhart here unable to move." And the testy old man, looking out, saw that lady prone beneath a birchen tree.

"What? What?" he cried, putting his hand to his ear to catch the story. "Madam, personally I am unfortunately helpless."

"Only the use of your carriage home, Sir Joseph. Don't stir; your man and I can arrange it."

Sir Joseph watched the strong, supple, capable woman, as she supported her friend, with the keen, observant glance peculiar to him. Her voice entered his ears without effort. She sat opposite to him as they drove homeward, and he was aware of something harmonious and soothing about her movements, her touch, her presence. Mrs. Urquhart was confined to her couch for some weary weeks, and Sir Joseph called every day to inquire and discuss the weather, and talk to Miss Lacy, who was in constant attendance on her suffering patient.

"You have made a conquest," said that lively little lady. "What do you say, my dear? I'm afraid he'd last a little under fostering care. Be sure and have a handsome settlement."

Then Miss Lacy told her secret—the secret that was fretting her inwardly. "I shall do better," she said, "if I can marry Derwent Percival."

She poured out the foolish woman's story with all the glamour and exaggeration of a woman's fancy; and Mrs. Urquhart listened and keenly sympathized as her friend revealed the trouble, passions, hopes and doubts that were poisoning her life.

"He loves me," said Miss Lacy. "It is the odious gossip of Penny Royal that keeps us apart. His sensitive shyness is unequaled. Oh, I know him! I have studied him." She shed a tear or two.

"You are certain you are not deceived?" said Mrs. Urquhart, with solemn eyes.

"Deceived! Quite impossible! He made me an offer one day that I should have accepted, but just at the critical moment Septimus came in—provoking creature!—and we never had another opportunity. I should have been a happy woman and I should have made him happy. The last time I saw him his wistful look went to my heart. The atmosphere at Penny Royal is full of mocking laughter. That Mr. Scattherd has jested away my happiness, I am convinced. Ah! if Percival were only here in this peaceful paradise everything would be settled directly."

"Shall I ask him to come?" said Mrs. Urquhart.

"Oh! no, no; do not think of it." But Mrs. Urquhart did think of it. She mused and pondered, and at last she boldly plunged in to the rescue of the two perishing lovers, and resolved on a gallant effort to save all. She sat down and wrote to Mr. Percival, she flattered herself, skilfully.

"I know you are an angler," scribbled she. "What do you say to a week at Sanneton? The Mayfly is out and the river is in splendid condition. Perhaps it might be an inducement to you if I say our mutual friend, Miss Lacy is here, invaluable to me. I have heard from her at last, dear Mr. Percival, all the story of the difficulties of your courtship—of the proposal you made, which she was never able to answer. Need I say what sincere pleasure it would give me if I can in any way aid in bringing about the explanation you mutually desire? She does not know I am writing to you. Do not betray me, but give me the intense pleasure of knowing I have been instrumental in making two people happy."

She posted her letter and waited. In two days she received her answer.

DEAR MRS. URQUHART: I am exceedingly sorry I cannot avail myself of your kind invitation to Sanneton. My holiday is already elsewhere. Your letter has sorely perplexed me; I can only be explicit. Miss Lacy is, I fear, laboring under some extraordinary hallucination. I certainly never have entertained for her any sentiments beyond a sincere respect and a cordial liking. I have never in my life dreamed of making her a proposal of marriage, and it is better to say at once that my affections have long been engaged in another quarter. Leaving you to decide how best to disabuse her mind, and with sincerest gratitude to yourself for your friendly though mistaken attempts to promote my happiness, believe me very faithfully yours.
DERWENT PERCIVAL.

Mrs. Urquhart sat perfectly still. She was more astounded and angry than she had ever been in her life. That she should have been duped, that Miss Lacy should have been capable of such folly, awakened the bitterest sentiments. Shame, vexation, and perplexity took hold of her and shook her like a storm. Had Miss Lacy been deceived? Or was she a deceiver? There were women who fancied every man was in love with them, but Miss Lacy was no fool. "She is coquetting now with that old man," she said to herself, and lost self-command in a paroxysm of wounded pride and indignation. The little woman was in a towering passion. It was under the influence of this vehement recoil that her next interview with Miss Lacy took place. Its result bore testimony to the ruinous nature of a breach between bosom friends. Shocked, humiliated by the final overthrow of her castle in the air, and embittered by the bitterness of her friend, Miss Lacy yet emerged from the ruins with a measure of dignity. She made an effort to appease and recapture her friend, but Mrs. Urquhart's wrath burned too fiercely, and her epithets stung. At the insufferable word "Degradation," Miss Lacy stood up, restored to her normal state of easy nonchalance. "I make allowance for your excitement," she said, "but you will soon recover. Only your vanity is wounded, Mrs. Urquhart. My deeper hurt is only of secondary moment. I will leave you to get cool. We have blundered all around," she added with supreme impertinence.

"We have blundered!" cried Mrs. Urquhart with flashing eyes. It was the last word exchanged between these two women who never forgave each other.

Meanwhile, Derwent Percival, convinced by this little incident that it would be wise to steer for the haven of matrimony, stole down at Easter to the quiet hamlet where Frances Lorrimer passed her maiden days. When he stood at last at her gate, the gate of her mother's house, a tender tremor passed through him and he leaned on the wooden bar, quietly dreaming. He was near her. Somewhere, not far off, she moved in the calm of her simple, earnest life. He had a fortnight before him. It was the very moment for wooing. All nature was setting the example. The rooks were cawing in the tall limes overhead—the primroses were out everywhere, delicate, dewy, and fair. Then a hearty voice hailed him, the voice of an ancient friend, fellow and tutor of New College, and for three years vicar of Brent.

"Hello! Percival—I didn't know you were expected here. I wrote to you this morning."

"Did you, Brandon? Well, was your news particular?"

"Decidedly—an amazing thing has happened—that I should live to tell it. I'm going to be married, you know, after all."

"News indeed!" cried Percival, laughing. "What! after all your vows and stern denunciations of the sex!"

"Ah! that was all very well once upon a time, but I am slain at last, and who could resist her!"

"Who?" said Percival, coldly and curiously.

"There she comes," was the answer, as he opened the gate and went forward to meet Frances Lorrimer, who came down the green woodland path softly smiling. And so Derwent met her, and knew with a swift agony of intuition that never in this world should he tell a woman he loved her.

III.

The summer term at Penny Royal passed by. Mr. Percival's house was full and immensely popular; he was a jolly beast, the boys said, kept such a rattling good table, gave such whopping fine prizes. Just at the close of the term scarlet fever broke out in the town. Some boys in Percival's house caught it, and the school was disoanded prematurely.

When it again met the popular young master was no longer of the company. He had passed over to the majority.

Mrs. Urquhart opened her Times of the 17th of August, unsuspicious of the emotions it was destined to evoke. The last marriage on the list brought a cynical smile to her lips:

"At St. Saviour's, Paddington, on the 16th instant, by the Rev. Septimus Lacy, brother of the bride, Sir Joseph Osborne, knight, to Pauline, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Lacy, rector of Sandon, Worcestershire."

But the smile died away as the next announcement met her eye:

"Died at Penny Royal, on the 16th instant, of scarlet fever, Derwent Percival, aged 27."

Lady Osborne also read her Times that morning and cried bitterly.

General Miscellany.

OREGON TIMBER FRAUDS.

The extraordinary demand for saw-logs has made the sharpers who for years have preyed upon government timber unusually alert and even less scrupulous in their methods than formerly. The timber ranges within reach of the Columbia river have been particularly the prey of rogues this year, says the Portland *Oregonian*. Not content with taking whole tracts under the law, which is loose enough to admit of legal gobbling on a wholesale plan, they have employed every possible scheme of dishonesty to get hold of thousands of acres. We have information from the northern part of Columbia county that in a single finely timbered locality 20,000 acres have been filed upon and secured by flagrant perjury as to its character and the purposes of purchase. A region which offered many attractions for settlement has been taken bodily by speculators at the trifling government rate, to the utter exclusion of immigration. Not only is the government being defrauded of property of great value, but the settlement and development of the country is being delayed. In remodelling the land laws, provision should be made for careful inspection by experts of every tract taken, so that fraud would be impossible, no matter how willing the purchaser to swear to a lie. Recently the *Oregonian* said that the government should adopt the land system of the railroad companies, namely, that of classifying land with careful reference to its character and value, with a fixed price upon each grade. Certain parties, evidently not understanding the suggestion, have objected to this on the ground that the best policy of the government is to give settlers cheap lands. We believe in the policy of cheap lands, but do not believe in absolutely giving them away. People who are worth having as settlers can afford to buy land, on easy terms of payment, of course, at something in the neighborhood of what it is worth. The railroad companies, whose plans were approved, have even greater interest than the government in having their lands settled, for every thrifty settler within their traffic field adds to their business, and they have adopted the plan which, while attracting settlers, secures the best class. But it is the timber which would be best protected by a proper classification of lands. Timber lands are bought, not by settlers who develop the country, but by speculators who take from it. They cut down the forests and ship them away, and the country gets but little benefit from the transaction. The lands, or the timber upon them, ought to be rated at full market value. There is no reason to be in a hurry about getting rid of our forests, and every reason for maintaining them.

From Harper's Magazine for September.

THE OLD READING CLASS.

BY WILL E. CARLETON.

I cannot tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes to me—
That rather young old reading class, in District Number Three,
That row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line,
And charged at standard literature with amiable design,
We did not spare the energy with which our words were clad;
We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free,
Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's thick-laid dust;
The storm, it made the windows speak at every sudden gust;
Bright sleigh-bells threw up pleasant words when travellers would pass;
The maple trees along the road stood shivering in their class;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold and dumb,
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come—
The wondrous world, of which we conned what had been and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires and flames—
And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day;"
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,
Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconvenient sight,
Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard ones right?
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?
Alas! we can not find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word,
(He's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard;)
And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear,
(His tongue is not so timid now; he is an auctioneer;)
And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee,
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,
And sound uncommonly distinct through memory's telephone;
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of awe,
And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;
But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever sad I grieve,
And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve!
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—
A silver star among the clouds of District Number Three.

A WONDERFUL LAKE.

Description of a Subterranean Lake in Pennsylvania.

A wonderful subterranean lake has just been discovered in the Alleghany valley, near the town of Freeport, Pa. It lies deep under a large hill, which has been honeycombed with the old coal pits and salt wells. The hill is back from the Alleghany River about two hundred yards, and it was by the merest accident that the existence of the vast body of water beneath it was discovered in time to avert a terrible disaster to life and property. Recently a coal mine was opened on the side of the hill, and for several weeks miners have been digging out tons of black diamonds. The other day they were driving a room eastward one hundred yards from the main entry, when they came near blasting through a thin wall into an old coal-pit which was abandoned fifty years ago, and whose existence was forgotten.

A tiny stream of water gurgled out, and an opening being made, the lake was revealed to the astonished workmen. The full extent of the sheet of water cannot yet be definitely estimated, but it is of remarkable size. The old pit, which is a part of its bed, has not been worked since 1836, and long before and up to that time, all that territory was drilled and mined for salt and coal. Immense quantities of both had been taken out, leaving acres upon acres of cavity under the hill, which, since then has been closed up and filling in with water that had no means of egress, all the pits having originally been reached by shafts.

The largest of these old pits was the one that the miners encountered. It is several yards above the present mine, and had the blast broken the wall or floor, all the men would have been drowned, and the water, rushing in a flood out of the new pit, would have washed away the railroad and dwellings. It has already submerged them to some extent. After tapping the lake the workmen made the opening larger by degrees, so they could see in. Blazing torches were thrown in, and small rafts with fire built upon them, were sent far out across the underground waters.

The eye was incapable of fathoming the limits of the interior, but by sounding and geological calculations it is pretty well settled that the water underlies the greater part of the hill, and the hill is about two miles long, and half a mile wide. Navigation upon the lake by means of a skiff, as yet impossible, the water being within a few feet of the roof of the pit. As the hole is gradually enlarged, the volume of water allowed to escape grows in volume. It is now pouring out in a stream five feet in diameter, and has a rushing cataract roar like Niagara. The owners of the mine hope to draw all the water off in a month or two, but it is believed by some that the lake is fed by underground springs, and cannot be exhausted.

TAKING HIS EASE.

Now that Tom Thumb is gone, old anecdotes are of course expected. One which is not well known here, is told in France of a a country notary who made a journey of three hundred miles, expressly to see the little man. Arriving by mischance too late for the last public exhibition, they told the notary at the place of exhibition, that he had some chance of seeing Tom Thumb at the hotel whence the Barnum Company were soon to depart. He came, however, even there, too late, and being shown to Tom Thumb's former apartment, he found in the sitting-room a later arrival in possession. Unaware, of course, of the evanishment of the former tenant, or of the installment of the later one, he knocked at the door.

"Enter!" responds a stentorian voice.

"Monsieur, I should like to see Tom Thumb."

"I am he, Monsieur."

The Notary is nonplussed, for the man who addresses him is a giant of six feet two, with a formidable moustache.

"Mon dieu, Monsieur! I beg pardon, but they told me you were of a stature—of a stature quite Liliputian."

"In public, yes, Monsieur, but when I am alone I like to take my ease a little, you know."

"Oh, exactly, Monsieur, I understand. Oh, certainly. Good morning, Monsieur."

The Notary goes away in meditation.

FATHER AND MOTHER HUBBARD.

The other day, when old Major Soloman announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of church, his wife appeared, wearing a "Mother Hubbard" dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments, then asked: "Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that?" "It's a Mother Hubbard, Jeems." "Air you going to wear it to church?" "Why, certainly, Jeems. The Mother Hubbard is all the fashion, now." "Well, I'm glad to hear it," the old man replied; "Just wait until I get ready, and we'll go." The old man went out into the kitchen, took a couple of meal-sacks, cut the bottoms out, sewed the tops together and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment, and exclaimed: "Great goodness, Jeems, what's that?" "Father Hubbard," the old man replied. "You're not a-goin' to wear them sacks, are you?" "I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got as much right to wear these meal-bags as you have to go in that bran-sack." "I'll take it off." "All right; off goes Father Hubbard," and turning away he added to himself: "Only one way to beat a woman, and that's by agreeing with her. Ef it hadn't been fur the Daddy Hubbard I'd been in a mighty bad fix."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

THE DUTCH IN THE ARCTIC.

Letters containing the first Arctic news of the present season, says the *London Times*, have been received from the Dutch exploring vessel, Willem Barents, which left Amsterdam on her sixth voyage to the Polar Seas, on the 5th of May. It will be remembered that the principal object of her cruise this year is to endeavor to obtain news of the Danish exploring vessel, Dijmphna, and the Dutch steamer, Varna, which were beset in the Kara Sea toward the end of last September, and have not since been heard of. In the event of her search proving successful, the Willem Barents will afterward undertake as complete an examination of the Kara Sea as the ice will permit; but she is not to stay there later than the 1st of September, in order to avoid being caught in the winter. Thus far all has gone well. The Willem Barents reached Vardo on the 27th of May, and left again on the 31st, steering toward Gooseland, in Nova Zembla.

The explorers fell in with the first ice on the 15th of June, but had no difficulty in getting in toward the land, and coasting along it to the southeastward, having a large land water. On the 9th, when near the south end of the large island forming Kostin Shar, they altered the course to the westward, expecting to reach the ice in a few hours, but it had been driven south, and they passed its northern point without having to steer northward, following the edge of the pack down to Kolgney Island. The ice was all close-packed and hummocky, but it appeared to be broken up, and in small pieces. There were no flat floes to be seen. So far as the officers were able to judge, they considered that appearance indicated a good ice year, and they expect to be able to get into the Kara Sea later on. Their object in returning to the westward was to visit Archangel, as it was believed that Samoyedes had been sent to search the coast of the Yalmal Peninsula, and that some information might be obtained from them.

It turned out, however, that the report was incorrect, no such search having been made; and as no news whatever of the missing ship had been received, the Willem Barents left Archangel on the 21st of June for Waigatz. While she was in the Dwina the weather was beautiful, the thermometer registering over 70 degrees in the shade, even with a northerly breeze, while at midnight the temperature was not much lower. Bees hummed through the rigging of the Willem Barents and butterflies alighted on her deck, while the lively mosquitoes, those pestilent tormentors of Northern travellers, were actively engaged in every corner of the ship. And all this within a few days' sail of the drifting pack and the raw, penetrating fogs of the Barents Sea. The general opinion on board the Willem Barents seems to be that if any retreating parties had landed on the Yalma coast, they would have been heard of, otherwise it was hardly to be expected that tidings of much importance would be forthcoming so early in the season. It is, of course, quite possible that both the Dijmphna and Varna may be able to get out of the ice during the summer, if they have not already done so; but if they are still beset in an impenetrable pack, the Willem Barents will hardly be able to help them. She may, however, render most important service in case one or both the ships are lost, and the crews succeed in reaching the coast of Waigatz or Nova Zembla.

THAT BOY.

A Few of the Ways in Which He Breaks the Commandments Laid Upon Him.

When you see a boy coming down the street with a ball of cord in his hand, and a serious look on his face, like that worn by the picture of an early Christian father standing in the arena waiting for the new lion to be called in to dinner, it is a sign that if you just cast your eyes upward, you can see that boy's kite dancing nimbly in the air to the lascivious pleasing of a whole colony of telephone wires.

When you see a boy going along in the merry, merry sunshine, with his hat in his hand, shaking his hair with a pine stick to get it dry, now and then leaning his head on one side, pounding the other side with his hand, and frantically kicking his feet in air, in desperate efforts to get the water out of his ears; or when you see him holding a warm stone to his ear for the same purpose, it is a true sign that you may think of that boy, by and by, standing speechless when his mother asks him how his shirt came to be wrong side out. You must not run down the street in the direction of his home, under the impression that the boy is being basely murdered. You can't kill a boy with a skate strap. And in hoc signoes you will know that boy has been in swimming, when he should have been at school, learning that "Twenty-six propositions are followed by the accusative," all the way from ad to ultra.

When you see a boy, about 5.45 P. M., with ink on his nose, and the grime of chalk on his hands, his hair dishevelled, and the two upper buttons of his jacket gone, his collar rumpled, and his necktie twisted awry, and a suspicious looking flush, and two or three scratches adorning his face, you will know that he was "kep' in" after school, and was taunted for the same by another boy when he came out; and if you want to know the rest of it, it will not be necessary to go into particulars, but just ask him, "Which whipped?" If a joyous look of triumph dances in the exultant eyes, you will know that just around the corner you can find a boy with a bleeding nose, and a generally demoralized facade. But if the lad you question looks down-cast, multis cum lachrymis begins his oration, like Divatiacus, by saying: "Well, he was a great deal bigger'n me," you may know that your boy got "licked."

When you see a boy, with the pockets of his pantaloons bulging out until he looks like a great bumble bee, laden for the hive, while he walks along trying to look as thin as a split lath, and wearing a profound expression of supernatural innocence, you may know, without referring to this code of signals, that boy has been lingering in somebody's orchard, and doesn't care to have undue publicity given to facts that only concern him personally.

When you see a boy on the distant hillside, suddenly leap up into the soft, summer air, holding one bare foot tenderly but firmly in the wedded fingers of both hands, while he hops around in regular but excited orbits, at the same time voicing his grief with wailing shrieks, mellowed by the sunny distance, then, without going to the telephone, you may know that barefoot boy has trod upon the busy bee that nestled in the perfumed clover.

And whenever and wherever you see him, in mischief or out of it—that is, just coming out of it or just ready to get into some more—awfully bad, or with many tearful failures and disgraceful stumbles in trying to be good, forgetting your commandments which thunder upon him by the hundred, well nigh as readily and repeatedly as you forget the ten that Infinite Wisdom has laid upon you, in all his noise, his poor little struggles, temptations, triumphs and failures, his piteous little troubles, and his tearful, honest penitence, in all the lightness of a boy's life, your heart must grow mellow and tender for the little germ of manhood, so rich with seeds of strength that will ripen by and by, for good or for evil, as you walk and live before the boy; ever as you look at him, remember what you were thirty or forty years ago, and say: "God bless the boy."—*R. J. Burdette.*

THE SCENT OF THE BUZZARD.

While digging sweet potatoes I noticed a very luxurious growth of the vines covering a small mound in the field, and inquiry revealed the fact that a horse and a cow had been buried there some years before. Just then nothing impressed me in that connection save the immensity of the potatoes which we found overlying these two graves, but in the afternoon and during the following day, buzzards shadowed the farm by scores, seeming to obey from all quarters of the heavens a mysterious summons to convocation. I soon perceived the sweet potato field was the "radiant point" of each speeding shadow. Buzzard after buzzard I traced as they appeared in various portions of the sky with half-folded wings, reminding me of mute aerial hounds, "coming down the scent," their course as swift, silent and undeviating as an arrow's. It was a strangely interesting spectacle to behold them swoop within a few feet of the horse-hades, and rise with slow, reluctant flaps, indicative of disappointment, then return to deliberately "beat" and "quarter!" the ground, aerially speaking, with all the tact and persevering sagacity of their canine compeers; in fact, the performance was suggestive of a fox hunt, in which Reynard's place was represented by the dead bodies, "earthed" in this case, however, for other than Reynard reasons. One of the vultures in particular showed an extreme faith in the guidance of its smelling powers, by alighting without demur on the fence half a dozen paces from the centre of attraction, where, after some time of manifest uneasiness and uncouth posturing, it was joined by a few of of its more dubious companions. This visitation of uncanny birds continued long after, though I never saw so many as at the first when the crop was ploughed out, this disturbance probably releasing for a time the pent-up odors. I could detect no taint in the atmosphere of the place, even while working in the freshly ploughed ground, yet hundreds of buzzards assembled from far and near, and with unerring accuracy pointed out the place of burial with overshadowing wings. In consequence of these observations, the theory that the vulture family are enabled to detect the existence of a dead